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JOHN BULL

Vol. IX. No. 230 | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1910. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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JOHN BULL.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Conference is as Dead as the Dodo.

The Party game is dying hard—but it is dying. The Conference will put the finishing touch to it.

Funny how the entire Radical Press gloated over the failure of the French strike!

Now that Lieutenant Sutor has joined our staff, readers will get some home truths about the Army—without having to read the German papers!

At the time of going to press, *Mrs. Bull* is swooping down upon the journalistic world. The last figure we heard was seven hundred thousand—something like a figure! How envious flat-chested Mrs. Grundy must be!

Mr. McKenna says that the chief objection to a Naval Loan is that we should have to pay the interest on it. Funny that nobody had ever thought of that! Brilliant man, McKenna!

Could any reader oblige us with a farthing? We are desirous of sending it on to Messrs. Carter and Skinner, in payment of the solatium which the jury awarded the other day for the libel upon them published in our issue of October 16th, 1909.

We are getting on. Here is the Chief Liberal Whip telling us that what is wanted to settle the Irish question is "Business" Home Rule. We shall have to apply for Provisional Protection soon against these professional politicians. Just look at Mr. Churchill too, with our Naval Loan policy!

When Parliament reassembles, we shall have one or two questions to address to Ministers. But we must not say too much about them now—as we find that *after* we have mentioned certain things, other M.P.'s suddenly think of them! We shouldn't mind that—but they do muddle them up so!

We do not at all like this Duveen affair. Apart altogether from any question of merits—as to which we may have something to say later on—it strikes us as scandalous that a British citizen, of substantial position, just arriving at an American port, should have been subjected to the indignity and insult of a theatrical arrest on board ship, when the officers could just as easily have executed their warrant when he had landed. After all, it isn't another Crippen case; and it savours far too much of the Sievier business over again.

In that case, it will be remembered, the arrest was effected in a dramatic manner, on an enclosed race-course, when there was not the remotest difficulty in finding Mr. Sievier either before or after the races. This sort of thing may commend itself to ambitious customs and police officials, but it disgusts the public; and where, as in the Duveen case, the charges are really of a quasi-civil character, and relate to more or less ancient, and highly technical, matters (there has been no American duty on works of Art for the past two years), such procedure is unpardonable. Coming too, as it does, on the top of many other actions of the kind on the part of the Port authorities, it is not calculated to stimulate either social or commercial amenities between the two countries.

"Of what earthly use," asks a reader, "are the Territorials if many of them are in the same state as a certain unit of London Territorial Field Artillery? This brigade of two batteries took part in the manœuvres in Kent in August, with a major in command who had never passed his examination. One battery was commanded by a captain assisted by a subaltern of six months' service, and the other battery by a subaltern of 2½ years' service, assisted by two others with an average service of about 18 months; whilst the ammunition column was represented by one officer of 16 months' service, and he had neither men, horses nor wagons. Such a state of things is absurd, and a waste of men's time and horses and money." Hear, hear, and loud applause.

Our attention has been directed to a scurrilous leaflet issued by Bailie Ferguson, of Motherwell, N.B.—in which our editor is libelled in such a way that if the Bailie were to issue the publication within the jurisdiction of the English Courts, he would render himself liable to criminal proceedings. Whether such a liability attaches to him in Scotland, we are taking steps to ascertain.

Why all these extraordinary precautions for the landing of the ex-King of Portugal in secrecy and darkness? If anyone had wanted to do him an injury there were plenty of opportunities before he left his country for his country's good. Perhaps the unkindest cut of all was the well-meaning exclamation of someone in the crowd, "Hope you'll stay with us!" In the case of any other deposed monarch this would scarcely be regarded as a compliment.

Some of the reports of a recent trial seem to have reduced descriptive journalism to the absurd. We read that "the judge sneezed loudly thrice at 10.30, but was not troubled again in that respect." Again, "Sir John Hare strolled in perfectly groomed and with no ostentation." Just out of curiosity, we should like to know how distinguished actors display ostentation in courts of justice.

We have received a piteous plea on behalf of the less famous performers at music halls. We are told that they "have to crawl into the agents' offices and wait all day, only to be told at the finish that Mr. So-and-So is busy, and there is nothing to-day." If, however, a beginner has a few pounds to distribute in the right quarter, an engagement becomes easy, but this does not tend to an improvement in the artistic character of the performances. We certainly think that the big-wigs of the music-hall profession ought to look after their underlings a little more. According to our correspondent, "for an ordinary artiste to see Mr. Stoll is like unto a man going to the Vatican at Rome and requesting to see the Pope." No doubt the reason for this unhappy state of things is that the market is overstocked. Every woman nowadays thinks she can act or sing or dance, just as every man thinks he can write novels—or run a paper.

Not so long ago a certain popular authoress gave us "Three Weeks." Her latest work is called "His Hour." Our hustling age has a lot to answer for.

Our attention is being constantly drawn to the increasing practice on the part of certain tradespeople of palming off upon customers articles other than those asked for. In fact, it would appear that in many trades there is a system by which the employees are actually suborned to push the spurious goods, and withal to depreciate the right ones. "Out of condition," "very troublesome," and "not much asked for now" are some of the stock phrases used. Recently, one of our readers called for "a small Bass," and noticing, without explanation, something which he recognised as not being what he asked for, was told, "This is *our* Bass, and just as good." Our reader, however, thought otherwise, and throwing the contents of the glass on to the floor, quitted the establishment. This is not the first experience of the kind with this particular beverage which has come under our notice, and we direct the attention of the directors to the matter.

We always think of America as a great English-speaking race. In a sense, that is true; but there is nothing very English about the names of her principal citizens to-day, is there?—Rockefeller, Roosevelt, Taft, Edison, Guggenheimer! All of which is food for thought.

At Henley-on-Thames, an out-o'-work potman has been fined £3 "for killing two cats and a dog by beating their lives out with a garden spade," and burying them before they were dead. A fine in such a case, is a totally inadequate punishment. The only satisfaction the lover of animals gets out of his thoughts on the matter is that, being out of work, the potman will probably be unable to pay it, and may have to go to gaol for seven days' hard. Consider what he would have got if he had lived at Pontefract and had stolen a cabbage.

For cabbages are held in the highest esteem by his Worship the Mayor, Colonel Shaw, and Alderman Wordsworth. Having before them a Featherstone miner on a charge of stealing one from a garden in Halfpenny Lane, they committed him for one month. Possibly if he had stolen a carrot or a stick of celery, he would have got two months, and the magistrates would still have been at liberty. We assume this wild and vicious sentence is what is known as "the utmost rigour of the law."

But colonels, as magistrates, are distinguishing themselves in many places. Three of them are on our list as sitting in judgment on a labourer "charged with a serious offence against a girl at Bow Brickhill"—to wit, Lieut.-Colonel W. J. Levi (in the chair), Colonel H. E. Burney, and Lieut.-Colonel A. Finlay—at the Fenny Stratford Sessions. "Evidence was given by the child," says the reporter, "another girl about a year older, and John Pearson, who had seen prisoner in a field with the children; also by the child's mother. Fined 20s., and costs, 11s., or one month." In the opinion of these gallant gentlemen a gross offence on a child of seven, proved to the hilt, is of rather less importance than the theft of a hen and three chickens; at any rate, in convicting a man of this offence, they fined him 25s. or a month. The more we look into this Justice-of-the-Peace business, the clearer it becomes that by far the greater proportion of unpaid magistrates have the most topsy-turvy notions of judicial perspective. Evidently the children of Fenny Stratford are to have little or no protection from beasts of prey.

The Sheriff of Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose glaring teetotal bigotry we have noticed on several occasions, has now broken out in a fresh place. As a result of our criticisms of this amazing person, a number of prominent business men in Newcastle have decided to bring out a candidate in opposition to him at the ensuing November elections. The challenge appears to have sent him into a fit of remarkable generosity. He invited the wives and children of his constituents to a garden party. The joyful crowd mustered in Gloucester Street, the centre of his ward, and paraded the streets to his nursery grounds, preceded by a banner inscribed "We are going to the Sheriff's garden party." Having been regaled with tea and buns, they returned in a similar way to their happy homes, the banner which fluttered on the bounteous breeze on this occasion being inscribed "We have been to the Sheriff's garden party." What influence this superb enterprise will have upon the Sheriff's ballot prospects we have no means of knowing; but in the way of cheap and nasty electoral corruption it would be hard to beat.

It is worth noting that a few days ago the nine lodges of Ipswich Oddfellows celebrated their centenary in the chamber where Justice commonly takes her seat, "right over the police station," and that on this occasion the odd fellows made merry on Scotch and Irish and other unteetotal and teetotal beverages. Evidently the bitter bigots have been caught napping—or, on second thought, peradventure there are no bitter bigots in Ipswich?

It may interest our readers to know that the second Sunday in November, the 13th, is to be observed as Temperance Sunday. The great news is put forth by the National United Temperance Council, and our engaging contemporary, the *Christian World*, supplements the announcement by stating that "formerly the fourth Sunday was generally observed, *but this was found inconvenient for Anglicans*, as it fell in the period of Advent." We have used italics because we are at a loss to see why it is any more difficult for Anglicans to remain sober on the fourth than on the second Sunday in November—even though it be Advent. Perhaps some Anglican reader will kindly enlighten us on this point.

The moral of the French strike is that we must have nationalisation of railways everywhere. It is ridiculous to try to pronounce strikes illegal in the case of private enterprises. But modern countries are entirely dependent upon the smooth running of their railways and cannot afford wholesale dislocation.

Mr. Justice Darling made a significant remark in a recent case. "I have never yet seen any complaint," he observed, "of a British Legation or a British Consul pushing the business of a trading company to excess." Nor have we, worse luck.

We are glad to find that the *Saturday Review* publishes a striking and convincing article about the grave blunder of the cession of Heligoland. Some years ago, Mr. Balfour remarked contemptuously, "Lord Beaconsfield is dead," and we gather that a similar attitude is being adopted by the young Tories with regard to Lord Salisbury.

Why is it that motor-cars always charge such absurd prices for long journeys? The distance from Paris to Boulogne, we understand, is about 180 miles, yet we see that unfortunate derelicts have been charged no less than £80 to cover it during the railway strike. Considering that taxis can make a handsome profit by charging one shilling a mile, it ought to be possible to organise cheap motor services on an emergency. Indeed, we believe that there is a fortune in store for anybody who will arrange motor tours all over Europe at a price no greater than ordinary first-class railway fares. Assume five passengers to each car, and threepence per head per mile need not alarm anybody.

Hurrah for the Hull trawler who brought two interfering Iceland officials all the way to this country! As one of our correspondents recently pointed out, there is quite insufficient protection for British fishermen in northern waters. We ought to have a ship cruising about in the neighbourhood of Iceland, at least all through the summer, if our fellow-subjects are not to be put upon. We should also remember how very leniently we deal with foreigners who poach in our own waters.

There is a great flourish of trumpets over the fact that a couple of boy scouts smuggled a letter in a muffin, though they were intercepted and searched several times. Now, if we were intercepting and searching suspicious persons, our attention would immediately be aroused by the discovery of so unusual a piece of luggage as a muffin, particularly in the possession of a bare-legged boy. We can, therefore, only conclude that the searchers were in the swim. We suggest that the next experimentists in despatch-carrying should be accompanied by wedding-cakes. Think of all the bulky communications which could be concealed under the icing! And after all, a wedding cake is not a more unusual part of a scout's commissariat than a muffin.

Theatre managers are once more on the war-path against the unfortunate people whom they stigmatise as deadheads. Their only offence seems to be that they do not pay for their seats. But they are invited for a commercial purpose, either in the hope that they will give undue praise in the newspapers to a performance or else fill up ugly gaps. If managers do not want them, the remedy is in their own hands. If, however, they want guests, they must look upon the acceptance of their invitation as a favour. It is all very well to talk about not looking a gift horse in the mouth, but if the animal is a rotten, spavined old crock, it is hopeless to parade him as a prospective Derby winner. One of the grievances against them is that "they never applaud." Why on earth should they applaud a piece which is so bad that audiences have to be collected out of the highways and byways?

We are glad to hear that somebody is forming a Railway Passengers' Protection Society. The railway companies have for a long time been too uppish, and treat the public as if they were merely sheep to be shorn. If there were a large fund to pay for legal proceedings in respect of delay, damage and loss of goods, accidents to passengers, liability for assault, robbery, and murder in trains or on the companies' premises, and for the readjustment of excessive fares, a great deal of good might be done. An agitation for the State inspection of rolling stock, permanent ways and railway buildings would also be useful. But so far we know nothing about the promoters of the enterprise.

There is no question that the Isle of Wight Education Committee have given the bitterest offence to the local teaching profession by their appointment of an unknown, or comparatively unknown, lady as head teacher of the Newport Secondary School. By what jerrymandering or jiggery-pokery the Committee accomplished this performance, nobody outside appears to know. What is known is that a sub-committee of the Committee strongly recommended for appointment a gentleman of higher qualifications and of many years' successful experience in the island, this decision being largely influenced by Mr. W. R. Swain, H.M. Inspector, who probably is in a better position to estimate the abilities of teachers than anybody in the island. The truth of the matter appears to be that the Committee is bossed by a little autocracy at whose head is the chairman, Alderman Fellows. When the lion roars, little dogs must not bark.

We have again stumbled across that holy man, the Rev. F. E. Rogers, Vicar of Littleport, Ely. Recently this professional pietarian refused to give an old man of 78 a birth certificate, to enable him to apply for an old age pension, unless he received a fee of 3s. 7d., though the old fellow had only 2s. a week to live on, plus half a stone of flour from the parish. The old man offered to pay the vicar 2s. on account and the balance next week, but this the vicar refused, and the money was publicly subscribed. There is something Shylockian in a proceeding of this kind—something so despicably un-Christian that, had it not been a matter of discussion before the Board of Guardians, one would have hesitated to credit it. Mr. Rogers has a fairly fat living as vicar of Littleport; he is a peripatetic missioner; he coaches men for Orders; and he lectures for the Church Army, appearing on its literature as honorary examiner, but how much he receives as lecturer does not appear. At any rate, whether Mr. Rogers makes much or little by his celestial aeroplaning, his attitude towards this destitute old man merits all the condemnation and contempt it has received. By the way, did he ever secure that organ blower he advertised for?

Not all is glory or comfort which comes to the author of Form IV. We notice that, as Mr. Lloyd George was entering the City Temple the other evening to make remarks in the pulpit, "a party of a dozen young men rushed at him, shouting 'Traitor!' 'Liar!' 'Scoundrel!'" and that they were arrested. That is the worst of being a party politician; one so seldom gets called by the names one's godfather and godmother gave.

A lady who was granted a divorce in the King's Bench a few days ago, told the court that her husband once told her he preferred bad women to good, as they were more interesting. Sensible men, however, prefer good women to bad, as they are less dangerous—and also cheaper!

A few days ago we commented on the extraordinary disguises the police adopt to arrest men suspected of street betting. For this purpose, not long ago one policeman dressed himself as a curate, while another masqueraded as an officer of the Salvation Army. Now comes the story of a Poplar P.C. going forth to pounce upon his prey—in his wife's garments! Still, they probably suited him better than his own.

Sir Beerbohm Tree is also among the discoverers. "Religion cannot be kept alive by killing joy," he said, the other day. Will the peevish puritans kindly note that phrase?

One of them is visible at Ripon in the person of an alderman of the borough, Mr. Thirlway. At a recent meeting of the Council he rose to complain that "the other Sunday, when he was coming down the road past the Spa Gardens nearly at the end of the band performance, he heard some music played which he had heard played during the race week, when there were fireworks, and, he believed, a dance as well." We do not know what music they play at Ripon when they have fireworks, but, if we are correctly informed, it is a great deal more inspiring than the Alderman's preaching when they have none. It has also to be added that the good man does not know a crotchet from a demi-semi-quaver, and as he cannot identify the particular composition which troubled his saintly soul, nobody in Ripon knows whether it was "The Maiden's Prayer," the "Marche des Moujicks," "1812," or "Excelsior." It must be nice for the Alderman to be good, but docsn't he feel sad when he is silly?

No doubt there is room for difference of opinion about the payment of members of Parliament, but certainly Lord Derby does not strike us as having made his particular view very convincing. "To begin to pay for labour hitherto ungrudgingly given," he says, "will be a vital blow at one of our greatest institutions." There are so many vital blows going about just now, if some of the party leaders are to be credited, that it is conceivable the country may survive another. The labour in Parliament given by unpaid M.P.'s can obviously be ungrudgingly given only by those who can afford to give it, and, incidentally, it makes the rich the sole legislators for the poor. If all men were for the State instead of so many being for their party, there could not be any valid argument against payment of members, for the M.P. would then be as much the servant of the State as, say, the eminent lady who does the charing for the War Office, or the successful gentlemen who take £5,000 a year from the national exchequer as Ministers of the Crown. That a man of talent should have the doors of Parliament shut against him because he cannot afford to give his services gratuitously, while a man with a crack in his brain should have them thrown open to him because he can, is not only unjust, but absurd. Lord Derby will have to find a better argument.

The businesslike way in which the Parliamentary registers are compiled receives frequent illustration. Two beautiful documents lie before us. One is addressed to Mr. Mary Webb, of Birmingham, and states the objection: "That you are of the female sex." The other is addressed to Mr. Peter William Seddon, of Deptford, and objects to his vote on the ground that he is deceased. It has, however, been sent to an address at Deptford and not to the regions of the blest. The name of the objector is Boobey.

Will the Newcastle magistrates have the goodness to gag Mr. J. R. Roberts, their Clerk, in the execution of his duty? The observations of this gentleman in the course of cases heard in the police-court are not only very frequent, but are very free. "You are showing her a good example," he said to a defendant in one case, "running about the country with a second string to your bow! You are a young vagabond, and a horsewhipping is what you want"—all of which may well be; but remarks of this sort do not come within the scope of the Clerk's duties. Not less reprehensible was his interference in a licensing case, having regard to the fact that he was the official adviser of the magistrates who heard it. "I saw the man from my office," he told the magistrates, "go into the bar with another man, and I sent word to the police in the interests of the licence-holder." What right had Mr. Roberts to interpose with this statement except from the witness-box, where he could be cross-examined upon it? Let him curb the windy satisfaction of his tongue a little. It is evidently an unruly member.

Well, of all the—however, it is meet that we should try to keep our hair on, especially at our time of life. The Paddington Borough Council has passed a bye-law which makes it an offence for any of its workmen to be behind with their rent. In order to carry out this extraordinary infringement of the rights of the freeborn Briton, an order has been issued that workmen shall take their rent-books to the Surveyor for examination. It should not need a Lord Chief Justice to instruct these municipal inquisitors that a workman in the employ of the Paddington Borough Council has as much right to be in arrears with his rent as a £700 a year official has. It is, therefore, strange we have not heard of any order on the Town Clerk or the Surveyor, for instance, to produce his rent-book to the Mayor or anybody else for inspection; but then it may be they are not workmen within the meaning, etc.

From what we read of the manifesto of Comunn nan Albannach, the Scots National League, now before us, Scotsmen have the chance of their lives. "Scotsmen," says the gent who has drawn up this sounding slogan, "awake in your strength. Grasp with both hands your destiny, and fear not at all. Raise the lamp of freedom on high till it gleam from your land to the uttermost ends of the earth. And this be your slogan and your hope, your high resolve and your victory signal. Scotland free, Scotland sovereign, Scotland a nation once again." Um—yes! But how are they going to raise the lamp of freedom while they are grasping their destiny with both hands? With all respect, we cannot imagine five or six million Scots standing on one leg and raising the lamp with the other—not when they are sober, anyway.

Does anybody suppose the harbourmaster of Buckie would do it, for instance, when the Town Council, at their last monthly meeting, decided to provide him with coat, vest, and cap, but refused his application for trousers? However, he is not without an alternative. He can either provide them himself, or get locked up.

Mr. Lloyd George may be interested to know that the trustees of the Glasgow Savings Bank "invite information which will enable them to trace the undernamed depositors or their representatives." The "undernamed" consist of 32 unclaimed balances dating as far back as 1858, the latest being 1905. Sooner or later, no doubt, other banks will be of an equally inquiring turn of mind—by Act of Parliament.

Mr. Justice Ridley is developing quite a pretty wit. Referring to a lady witness whose evidence could be scarcely heard, and who wore a huge coal scuttle hat, his Lordship recently observed: "I suppose we must give it up. All the sound goes into her hat—and we can't even see her face."

We shall have something to say about the Crippen case, but we must defer it until the trial of Miss Le Neve is over—and, at the time of going to press, it has not commenced.

He would be indeed a wise man who at the moment could foretell the immediate course of political events. It should, however, be obvious to the intelligent onlooker that all the Party leaders are floundering; in fact, to use a vulgarism, they "don't know where they are"! "Federal Home Rule," a "Naval Loan," "Colonial Preference," an "Enlarged Conference"—these are some of the baits being dangled before the British public. But it is too late. The Party game is up, and next week we shall again try our hand at predicting the date of the General Election.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

School Inspector to class of small boys: "Now, tell me, who signed Magna Charta?" Little boy (after a long pause): "Please, sir, *I* didn't."

"JOHN BULL'S" BOOK COVERS, OR—

HOW A DESPAIRING EX-CONVICT, WITH AN INVALID WIFE AND YOUNG CHILDREN, WAS TREATED BY THE SALVATION ARMY, WHEN HE APPLIED FOR ASSISTANCE TO GET A DECENT LIVING OR TO PAY HIS FARE TO SCOTLAND, WHERE WORK AWAITED HIM.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICES.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "3 to 594," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do

For advertising: "Latest Animated Pictures, including the Portuguese Revolution, and many other HUMOROUS *and Dramatic Films,"*

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT HALL ELECTRIC THEATRE (Tunbridge Wells)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

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*For the following recommendation: "*BEEF AND HAM ROLL*—rinse the mouth afterwards with a little soda cupful breadcrumbs,* 1 *teaspoonful* BLACK PEPPER, *a pinch of* CAYENNE PEPPER, 1 *teaspoonful of salt,* 1 *dessertspoonful of ketchup,* 1 *dessertspoonful of vinegar,* 2 *eggs,"*

THE EVENING TIMES & ECHO (Bristol)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in an advertisement for a traveller that he "must produce UNDESIRABLE *references,"*

"P.1649" (an Advertiser in *THE IRISH TIMES*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the injunction: "Don't drink your tea WITH BOTH HANDS, *nor* WITH YOUR LEFT HAND,"

THE DAILY SKETCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "After tea Mrs. Salter, IN *a neat felicitous speech,* HANDED, *in the name of the congregation and choir, a handsome* SIDEBOARD *to Mr. C. W. Davey,"*

THE DERBY CORRESPONDENT OF *THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating: "Certainly Australia is an infant, but the day is not far distant when SHE *will be a big and important* BROTHER *of England,"*

THE WESTERN DAILY PRESS (Bristol)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the announcement: "Lost . . . Fox Terrier puppy; month old; ALL WHITE, *with large* BLACK *spot near tail, half a face* BLACK *and tan, both ears* DARK,"

AN ADVERTISER in *THE EAST KENT TIMES*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The Protectograph is considered by bankers to be the most efficient cheque protector . . . Some commenced to use it on their cheques after having had cheques fraudulently altered—the greater number BEFORE,"

THE PROPRIETORS OF "THE PROTECTOGRAPH"
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating, under the heading "They Say——," "That Mr. Tanner, of Burnham, was the speaker at the Highbridge Railway Mission on Sunday. That, in the explanations which followed, the old lady stated that she thought a couple of cats had run behind her and started to fight."

THE BURNHAM GAZETTE AND SOMERSET ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "A large number of fish had been jumping at sea from MARSDEN TO ST. MARY'S ISLAND *" (about six miles).*

THE NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating: "FINE WEATHER *favoured the first annual church parade in connection with Salford Division, which was held on Sunday last.* THIS *was in a great measure due to the kindly offices of Councillor F. Hampson,"*

"FEMUR" (a contributor to *THE MANCHESTER WEEKLY CHRONICLE*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

LIEUTENANT SUTOR JOINS OUR STAFF—AND IS AT ONCE RE-ARRESTED.

[STRANGE CONDUCT OF THE AUTHORITIES.

As will have been gathered from the paragraph on our first page, Lieutenant Sutor—the author of the famous pamphlet on the condition of the Army and the hero of the recent court-martial—having tendered his resignation, has joined the staff of JOHN BULL. No sooner, however, was the agreement to this effect signed, than he received a wire from his commanding officer to return immediately to his regiment, which order, as his resignation had not been officially accepted, he was bound to obey. Arrived at Tynemouth, he was again placed under arrest and deprived of his sword—without the remotest notion of what his new offence consisted. At the time of going to press, it is difficult to say what course events will take. It may be that the authorities will decline to accept Mr. Sutor's resignation—a course which, we believe, they are technically entitled to adopt—and will thus effectually gag him. Possibly, even, they may send him away on foreign service.

In the meanwhile, the public looks on with alternate feelings of amazement and disgust. Here is an officer who deliberately breaks the bonds of military laws by writing a pamphlet exposing our rotten military system. He is tried by Court Martial and his punishment is—a severe reprimand! Then strategy commences to take a part. The Army Council, fearing that Lieutenant Sutor would stump the country, retained his services. The counter move of Sutor is to send in his resignation. The third move is by the Army Council. Sutor is re-arrested.

What will follow? Another Court Martial? Oh, for that Business Government!

Next week we shall be able to speak more definitely—and with less reserve.

THE LATE "CARTER AND SKINNER."

A "PAYING GUEST" AGENCY "DRIVEN OUT OF BUSINESS."

Our last issue went to press before the announcement of the result of the libel action brought against us by Messrs. Carter and Skinner, the "paying-guest" agents, of Walter House, Strand. As our readers are doubtless aware, the jury found for the plaintiffs, with a farthing damages. The judge, however, deprived them of costs, stating that, upon hearing the evidence, the jury had evidently come to the conclusion that the graver of our charges—namely, that they victimised poor persons into parting with fees of 5s. or 10s.—was correct. As Messrs. Carter and Skinner's counsel stated that, unless his clients obtained heavy damages, they would be driven out of business, we think we are entitled to the thanks of the community for closing down one of the firms working this widespread trick.

We have received many congratulations upon our exposure—some from victims of Messrs. Carter and Skinner and other "agencies" (to whom, by the way, *Mrs. Bull* will devote attention, many of the victims being widows). We have space for one letter only, and have selected the following:—

> On April 15th, this private residential Sanatorium (of which I am the Superintendent) was opened, and, attracted by their numerous advertisements, I was foolish enough to pay half-a-guinea to Messrs. Carter and Skinner—without any benefit. I saw them repeatedly advertising for invalids, &c., and when I wrote them complaining that they never sent me anybody, I received as answer some excuse or some address, but when I wrote to the address enclosing stamped envelope for reply, I never got any answer.

This feature—the advertising for homes when the agents already have on their books the names of suitable places—is, of course, a grave scandal, but then more half-guineas can be obtained in this way.

COMPETITORS in The Pasquali Freehold House Competition will please note that the competition has been transferred to the Head Offices, 10, Essex Street, Strand, as being more convenient. All communications should be sent to this address.

VICE AT ETON.

AN APPEAL TO THE HEADMASTER AND THE GOVERNING BODY.

When reference is made to the public schools of this country, Eton is commonly named as *primus inter pares*. For nearly five hundred years it has been regarded as typical of all that is manliest and best in our public school system. No other school can point to such a list of eminent men amongst its scholars. Great statesmen and lawyers, great ecclesiastics and soldiers, the pick of the nation, have come from Eton. Some of us may not have a very high opinion of the Eton boy as a scholar, and in recent years mere wealth has been more in evidence than it used to be. But when all allowances are made, Eton remains in the popular mind the greatest of English public schools.

But at Eton, as elsewhere, there is gangrene, and in our judgment we do a public service in alluding to it. Of late years, from one cause and another, vice in its most repulsive form has got among the Eton boys. There is vicious talk in many, perhaps in most, public schools. At Eton there is unnatural vice. We take leave to put the following questions to the Headmaster:

> 1. Is it true that within the last year at least one boy has been removed from Eton on the specific ground that unnatural vice is prevalent there?
> 2. Is it true that at least two gentlemen whose sons were at Eton, have within the same period made full written statements to the Headmaster alleging the prevalance in certain Houses of unnatural vice?

We say these things are true, and we challenge the Headmaster to deny it. There are twenty-six Housemasters. We must not be understood to say that unnatural vice is prevalent in all their twenty-six Houses. Far from it. The abominable practices indicated are confined to a certain clique of boys. There is one House where unnatural vice is especially rampant. We will give the Headmaster half-a-dozen names if he wishes them. There are two other Houses where unnatural vice is known to be. As to the rest, so far as we know there is no proof that it is there.

When the present Housemaster took over the House where it is most prevalent, the matter was brought to his attention. He was horrified, and sought to mend matters. But he was young and weak. He would not take the bull by the horns, and be ruthless in his determination to stamp out the hideous thing. He would say to a boy, "Don't you think you had better see less of So-and-So?" He hinted where he should have denounced, and he made no headway. He let things slide, and they are still sliding, and going from bad to worse.

And the Headmaster? We desire to speak with the greatest respect of this gentleman. It is impossible to imagine a Lyttelton sheltering unnatural vice. But he has, in our judgment, chosen the wrong course. We said above that these horrible practices have been formally brought to his notice by written statements of aggrieved parents, statements that have gone very fully into facts, and have not avoided, as we are informed, the names of culprits. Certainly the House where the offences are most common has been named to him. But he has taken no action. He has given evasive replies, admitting nothing, and nothing has been done. We have reason to believe that, disturbed as he has been by the circumstantial charges made, he has decided upon doing nothing because it has seemed to him that if he moved in the matter, if he instituted enquiry and brought home guilt, there must be many expulsions, and these expulsions would be very harmful to the credit of the school.

If the Headmaster will not act, if, sheltering himself behind the plea that proof is lacking, he will not institute drastic inquiry, what of the Governing Body? Will they, too, close their ears and do nothing?

REFORMATORY SCHOOL HORRORS.

WIDESPREAD INDIGNATION AT OUR DISCLOSURES—PROMPT ACTION BY THE HOME SECRETARY.

Mr. Churchill has not lost any time in responding to our appeal for an independent enquiry into the condition of things at the Akbar Reformatory—having appointed Mr. Masterman, the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, to investigate our charges. We need not say that any help and information which we can give are at the Home Secretary's service, and we doubt not that when he has satisfied himself of the truth of our allegations he will take drastic measures to remedy the existing evils and to bring the culprits to justice.

Since the publication of our article, we have received many letters from all parts of the country; and it may be interesting to give the substance of some of them:—

Mr. John R. Griffiths, of Victoria Road, Alexandra Park, writes:—

> I am not by any means squeamish, and while at a public school have had many a "licking," but what I read in your article makes me feel sick. . . . I am a father, and if I knew my boy had been subject to such treatment as I have read, I would have no hesitation in going down to see the head of the school, wringing his neck, and damn the consequence.

Captain Cabuche, of 11, Luxemburgh Gardens, Brook Green, writes:—

> For God's sake bring to book those in authority who are responsible for such brutal treatment. Would that I could be of service to assist you.

Mrs. E. King, 5, Upperton Road, Leicester, writes:—

> But for your valuable paper this would have gone on for many years. I feel that the thanks of the whole nation are due to you for the trouble you have taken in bringing such a terrible scandal to light.

Mr. E. Gatehouse, of Folkestone Road, Dover, writes:—

> I have read with horror and disgust your exposure of the horrible treatment of these poor boys of the Akbar School, which but for your paper would never have been made known to the British public. If this horrible treatment had been in a Turkish or Bulgarian school the whole of Europe would have been moved to take action. I trust the Government will at once make thorough investigation, and place those who show mercy, love and kindness to these poor boys in charge of them.

A gentleman who does not wish his name made known writes to us from Plymouth:—

> I should like to say what a godsend it is to have such a paper as John Bull to bring such a terrible scandal as this to light. Cannot the Home Secretary be prevailed upon to go thoroughly into the matter, or let the Superintendent come into the hands of someone who would treat him in much the same manner as he has treated the boys?

Another gentleman who wishes to remain anonymous writes us a long letter from Margate, in which he says:—

> I shall have pleasure in contributing £1 should Beuttler or Lovelock anticipate matters by proceeding against you for libel. . . . There is no doubt that the case demands criminal prosecution for those responsible for the cruelties.

Mr. J. P. Musgrave, of Shepherd's Bush, says:—

> I do not think you can be thanked sufficiently for making public the Akbar scandal. That such a state of things should exist in the twentieth century seems incredible.

Mrs. E. Lendram, of Ringmar Avenue, Fulham, writes:—

> I feel I must thank you for drawing attention to the terrible cruelties practised upon these poor defenceless children of the Reformatory you speak of. It is the worst case I have ever read of. It makes one's blood run cold to think of the awful suffering of these poor helpless children.

A lady who wishes to remain anonymous writes:—

> It is a blessing there is such a paper, and such a man with pluck enough to show these barbarities up.

Mr. S. W. Gowin, of Whitehaven, writes:—

> I have been sickened reading about the horrible barbarities practised upon the boys of the Akbar School. I shall be glad to know if anything is being done for Mr. and Mrs. Adam. I shall be pleased to send my mite.

A Chingford reader writes:—

> I am disgusted as I read the news from the Akbar School, as I expect is many a mother, for I have a poor little brother in that school. How I thank John Bull for publishing this. Surely this will be sifted and such brutality not allowed to continue.

C. O. writes from Newcastle-on-Tyne:—

> I am the mother of three boys. I was horrified to read the article in this week's John Bull. I would lynch ——— at the risk of my own life, if I could get hold of him.

Mr. R. Riddle, of Blenheim House, Weymouth, writes to us to say:—

> It makes one shudder to think of these poor boys being exposed to such treatment, treatment that would not be meted out to the vilest thing that creeps on the earth. I trust that through your instrumentality the thing will be put right, and that quickly.

Mr. F. W. Tinnie, of Olton, writes:—

> As one of the men in the street I think it is my duty to say that this week after reading the article on the Akbar School Horrors I felt glad to think that there is at least one publication with its increase in prominence and power which does not shrink from stopping men of the ——— type in their career of crime.

Mr. A. J. Rawn Hamilton, of Grosvenor Road, S.W., writes:—

> Bravo! John Bull for your exposure of the Reformatory Horrors. It is the ugliest and most brutal thing that has been heard of for some time in England.

"Ethel" writes:—

> I think it is most wicked treatment. I am only a girl of 15 years of age, but I would like to serve ——— the same, and others who ordered the infliction of the punishment on these poor lads.

A Manchester correspondent writes:—

> I thank God you are exposing the inhuman treatment practised on the poor helpless boys at the Akbar Nautical School at Heswell. You are doing a good service in the cause of humanity. There ought to be a clean sweep of all the staff.

Mr. W. S. Smith, of Thorold Road, Ilford, writes:—

> Really it seems impossible that such studied cruelty can be practised. Will you ask your readers to subscribe towards a fund so that you can institute criminal proceedings against these people?

Mr. Harry Payne writes from Russell Square:—

> I earnestly hope you will not rest content with merely exposing the horrors of the Akbar Hell, but personally tackle Mr. Churchill, and insist upon a thorough investigation by the proper authorities at the earliest possible moment. The action of Mr. and Mrs. Adam will be considered right by all right-minded people, and if they are made to suffer through it, then Mr. Churchill is not the man I take him for.

And, finally, here is a letter which speaks for itself:—

> Having read your last week's issue respecting the ill treatment of the boys at the Akbar Nautical School at Heswell, I beg to say I had a boy die there April 21st, 1909, and was not informed of his illness until 9 o'clock in the morning. I had another telegram at 2 o'clock saying he was dead, and when I read it I saw they only gave me one day to get there to attend his funeral, so I thought there was something strange about his death, and I had his body brought home to Bristol. He was only at the school 8 months and was a strong and healthy lad. He had never had any illness since he was born until he went to that slaughter-house to be killed, which I believe was the case with him.

ENGLAND'S REAL ENEMY.

By Norman Tiptaft.

It is in the air. Everybody is discussing it. From being a mere fancy it has become a certainty. All that remains now to be settled is the actual date. According to some of the yellow press journals, it may be on us next week; certainly not later than the week after. England will be invaded, a hostile host will march across its once green and pleasant land. There will be an end to the British Empire for ever and ever more. Only by prompt action may we even now at the eleventh hour (possibly at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute) be saved.

Ah! Surely we shall all breathe a long drawn sigh of relief to think that although we are practically on the brink of destruction, there remains a possibility of being saved.

Will we but hearken to the honest, disinterested, practical advice of our would-be saviours we may.

And their advice is so delightfully simple, so sure in its results, so—but words fail me to express all that will happen do we but pursue it. The least that can follow is the millennium. Within five minutes, or at most five years, there will be an absolute stampede of the nations to beat their guns into ploughshares (a somewhat difficult matter, but let it pass), their torpedo-boats into pruning-hooks (not quite so hard as the last, but yet not strictly in accord with modern business principles), and generally to forget all about wars and rumours of wars, and settle down peacefully, happily and contentedly to enjoy the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

All that is required of us to ensure these blessings is that we build two battleships to every one of Germany. Three torpedo-boats to each of France. Four destroyers to the United States' one. Ten airships to each the combined powers lay down (or up as the case may be).

That will stave off any immediate danger. If after such a prompt and friendly action on our part the other nations in their greed, malice and envy go on building, we shall simply double our previous precautions. What could be simpler? What more calculated to ensure at one and the same time plenty of work for willing workers (not to mention plenty of *taxes* for *unwilling* taxpayers), security and peace for the whole of the world?

* * * * *

I understand that some noisy, irresponsible demagogues are raising just one (only one) slight objection to the scheme. Briefly it is this: A country's strength does not consist in the number of its battleships, its magazines, its foundries, its factories. It is even possible for it to be "the workshop of the world" and yet be miserably weak, ineffective and poor. Not the guns, but the men behind them count. Not the battleships, but the men who build them. Not the factories belch they forth smoke to the whole heaven and paint its azure glory filthy black, but those who work in them. No external preparations either for attack or defence will avail so long as Englishmen are content that one-third of their population lives below the hunger line; that half the children born to the working classes die before they are five years old, that in the richest capital of the world one in four dies either in a prison, a workhouse, a hospital, or an asylum, that the mothers of the future race are allowed to work 70 or 80 hours a week making chain for 7s., or stitching in the sweat shops all day, every day and most of the night for even less than that.

Not battleships but bread, not conscription but the right to give a fair day's labour for a fair day's wage, not gathering the country's sons into vast floating prisons of destruction, but releasing to them the country's land on which they may find life and health. Not in organisation to murder the foreigner, but in organisation to feed the country's children, to ensure home to its women, employment to its men, lie the only safeguards from invasion worth considering. Poverty is more dangerous that the Germans. Destitution has claimed more victims than war. The murders of peace in the shape of slums, starvation, disease (preventible disease, preventible slums, preventible starvation), demand a far greater watchfulness, are foes of greater menace, than the combined armies and fleets of every nation on earth. By *these* we are already invaded, by *these* our nation is even now being crushed, and it is from *these* we must deliver ourselves, do we wish England to become in reality, that which she is now only in name—the land of the brave and the *free*.

THE TRAVELLER.

By A. Hunter.

British Columbia was his starting-point. Thence across the vast dominion of Canada, by way of Ontario and famous Quebec into the island of Newfoundland, formed the first stage of his journey. Here he stayed awhile, till, grown tired of inaction, he crossed the mighty Atlantic. Leisurely picking his way, as one to whom time was no object, he journeyed through Europe, visiting most of its principal cities on the way. Perhaps he was sated with the gaieties of capitals, for he turned his back on one after another with a fine disregard of their attractions. Down the valley of the Rhine he travelled, with equal indifference to its scenery and the legendary and historical associations with which it abounds. The Black Forest might have been an ordinary coppice for all the interest he displayed in passing through it, and the bleak desolate Russian steppes likewise turned him not a hair. The perils that face the hardy explorer of barbarous China, with its fanatical hatred of the foreign devil, and the scorching suns of India found him stoical and unmoved.

Africa was the next scene of his itinerary. Through Nubia and Egypt he journeyed with the eager haste of a Cook's tourist. The Great Sahara had no terrors for him, nor the far-famed climate of the Canary Isles and Madeira any charms. Now he turned his steps northward. Perhaps the burning air of the tropics had wearied him, for northward—ever northward did our gipsy vagrant now hasten. Once more he turned a contemptuous back upon the gay European capitals. Now he passed the picturesque fjords of Norway and found himself amid the frozen waters of the Arctic Circle. Yet on, ever on he journeyed—till at last—at last his weary feet rested on the mystic point where all meridians meet: that unattained goal of so many travellers, whose vague mysterious allurements have so helped to swell the death-roll of the intrepid. The North Pole.

And here at last he paused, as if satisfied with the result of his journeyings. Had he been desirous of emulating a Peary or of discovering the so safely hidden documents of a Cook?

No. The real fact of the matter was that one of the younger children had, in surreptitiously playing with the schoolroom globe that morning, left a crumb of sugar at that precise spot, and the fly, who had crawled over nearly the whole of its surface in a vain search for refreshment, was now rewarded for his toil.

SIR SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon met a fly man,
Going to the poll;
Said Simple Simon to the fly man,
"Vote for me, good soul."

Said the fly man to Simple Simon,
"What about the Lords?"
Said Simple Simon, "Such a theme
Much debate affords."

Said the fly man, "Will you fight them?"
"To my great regret,"
Said Simple Simon, "I can't say—
I've had no orders yet."

Said the fly man, "Give your verdict
On the Osborne biscuit."
Said Simple Simon, "Much I'd like to,
But I dare not risk it."

Said the fly man, "Will the judgment
All be swept away?"
Said Simple Simon, "My chiefs haven't
Told me what to say."

Said the fly man, "Have you *no* mind?
Speak up and look pleasant!"
Said Simple Simon, "I have *no* mind
Of my own at present."

Moral.

Simple Simon went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale
All the water that he had
Was in a tiny pail!

Richard Morton.

A KESWICK "CORKER."

ANOTHER CHURCH MAGAZINE PULLS THE LONG BOW.

We recently drew attention to a remarkable and obviously false story in the *St. Thomas's* (Lambeth) *Church Magazine* about the discovery by an unbelieving diver of a tract in the mouth of an oyster. And we offered a substantial donation to one of the Church funds if the parson who told the story would give the name of the diver. Up to the present, the donation has not been claimed!

Now comes the magazine of the Mildmay Institutions and Missions, of which the Rev. C. J. Procter is the clerical head. And for a downright "whopper" it is hard to beat. Here it is:—

I want to tell you a simple little story I heard whilst I was at Keswick this summer.

It was about a little girl named Maggie. She was very lame and very poor. A few kind neighbours had collected some money amongst themselves and had bought her a pair of crutches. These crutches made life a different thing for Maggie. Instead of being obliged to stay indoors, either on her bed or in a chair all day, she was able to hobble about the village and see what was going on. Best of all, she was able to go to church, and Maggie appreciated this more than anything else.

One Sunday morning, when she was in her usual pew at the back of the church, the minister preached a sermon that touched her very much. . . .

As Maggie listened, great tears fell down her cheeks. She *wished* there was something she could give; she longed to help, but she had not even a copper.

But though the sermon went home to Maggie's heart, it did not appeal to the rich people in the congregation. They yawned and looked very bored.

Presently the sermon ended, and the collection was taken. The church officer walked slowly down the aisle, passing the plate in and out among the pews. At last he came to the pew where Maggie sat—Maggie with her tears on her cheeks, but with her eyes shining like stars.

At first the officer thought, "No good passing the plate to Maggie; she's nothing to give;" but being a kindly and courteous man, he handed her the plate. There was a little shuffle, and he saw Maggie trying to lift her crutches and put them on the plate. For a moment he was puzzled, and then he saw what she meant. *Maggie was giving her crutches to the collection.* He steadily balanced them on the plate, and marched up the aisle and presented the plate with the crutches on it to the minister. Everyone in the church recognised Maggie's crutches, and everyone knew that she had placed them there as an offering to God.

The rich men seemed to have developed sudden colds, for they were obliged to use their handkerchiefs a great deal. There was a solemn silence for a moment, and then the minister proposed that the plate should be passed round again, and this time the rich men gave so liberally that the sum collected was far more than the minister had ever dared to hope for.

And what about Maggie?

Well, Maggie sat there in the back pew, radiantly happy. So far as she knew she would have to go back to the old, weary, shut-up, desolate life again; never again could she go to see her friends or hobble to church; her love to God had urged her to yield to Him her crutches, and Maggie obeyed, not counting the cost. Such love must have rejoiced His heart; but He knew what the loss of the crutches would mean to Maggie, so He put it into the heart of a kind friend to buy back the crutches and restore them to her, so He gave back to her what she had been willing to give to Him.

I am sure this little story will touch you as much as it did me. I wonder how many of us would have done what Maggie did?

And yet it is wondered why people don't go to Church!

Do the writers of this sort of piffle realise that we are in the twentieth century—that the world is grown up? Have they heard of the John Bull League?

ARE THE PIETARIANS REALLY HAPPY?

THE DEPRESSING EFFECTS OF BEING OVER-GOOD.

By the Wayfarer.

Reading a local newspaper, I have casually run up against a rev. gentleman whose acquaintance I am pleased to make, and whose name I will try to keep in memory, to wit, the Rev. C. F. Aspinwall. Judging wholly by what he says, and knowing nothing of what he does, he looks almost safe enough to be the chaplain to John Bull. Mr. Aspinwall has been addressing the Wolborough branch of the Church of England Men's Society, and his keynote was just this: "Are religious people cheerful? Do they look it? And if not, why?" I am naturally interested in this parson's view of the question, because my experience of life is that the more pious a man is, the more miserable he seems. On the other hand, the average decent-living man, who would no more think of calling himself or believing himself religious than of flying to the moon, usually looks happy enough to please a photographer. The pietarian always looks as if he was owing bills, the *viveur* as if he had been left a legacy; the face of the one is always reminding you that it is an awful thing to die; that of the other, that it is a glorious thing to live. This is why I always instinctively shrink from the "good" man, professional and amateur, on sight. Days agone, I found temporary hospitality in the house of a good man, so good that he once sent across to a widow neighbour to request her to take down her washing, as he could see it from his back window. There I slept in a room with a large, gilt-framed, illuminated text on the wall at the head of the bed, saying, "In the Midst of Life We Are in Death." As if that were the most joyful news the world had to give; as if it were the one great lesson we should all learn and never forget. To my mind the old, old world has a greater, and wiser, and more inspiring lesson for us all, the very, very good included; it is that in the midst of death we are in life.

With some such idea in mind, probably, the rev. gentleman must have prepared his address. Listen to what he told his young men: "Just think of yourselves for a minute and be honest with yourselves," he said, "and then ask yourselves this question, 'What, in my estimation, marks out a particularly religious man?' You think of him as rather dull company, as one of whom you are a little afraid because you are always expecting him to quote texts and talk piety to you. You associate him with funerals rather than with weddings, with stories never funny, and with songs always churchy. At the very bottom of our natures we still think of very religious people as rather dull and a little depressing." Almost everybody admits that. Bring your very religious friend into a merry company, and everybody has either to catch a train, or see a man about a dog. As our long-faced religionists walk in slow, mournful procession up and down the world singing, "Oh, we shall be joyful, when we meet to part no more," I should be sorry to deny that they will; but I would respectfully pause to remind them that they don't look very joyful now, and that if they wish to make sure of being happy, of getting the best out of life as they find it or make it, they had better start at once, and not do any such stupid thing as wait till they meet to part no more. Now is the time for them, while they are all together on *terra firma*. Many little accidents, over which they have no control, may happen afterwards.

I have never doubted that there would be a great many more religious people in the world, if those who are for ever assuring us they have been saved looked less glum about it. A year or two since, I saw upon a Salvationist platform a redeemed butcher. Even in his most fervid ecstacies he looked as if he were afraid the General would presently come through the platform door and cut him up for meat. It is not so much that the good are never half as good as they think they are, as that they seem to be about twice as miserable as they ought to be. A man may be miserable in his wickedness and look happy, but how shall he be happy in his goodness and look miserable? To me it is unthinkable. The light as I see it here is that a man finds no true happiness if his religiousness is not human at all points, and that the mere pietarian builds up his own punishment in making for himself a world he would build for others—a world of humbug, hypocrisy, and cant.

WHAT THE J.P. DID.

By L. N. Barker.

I see you are waiting with a good deal of curiosity for an explanation of my part in last night's proceedings. You were rather angry about it at the time, I think, and quite naturally. But it was too long a story to unfold just then, and this is the first opportunity I have had since. You must have thought me perfectly mad, I know. The man was caught red-handed and deserved no mercy whatever. I could see that in your eye, though you didn't say anything. I suppose that, in my position as a J.P. of the county, I ought to be the very person to uphold that view. Well, perhaps the little story of an early incident in my career may enable you to understand my action, even if you don't approve of it. It is anything but a creditable incident, I may tell you, and therefore I need hardly say that I tell the story in the strictest confidence.

It must be fully thirty years ago now since the event occurred. I had been to Cambridge, and I had been called to the Bar. Also my father had died—a bankrupt. Until his death I had more money than I could possibly have any legitimate use for. After the unhappy event I had absolutely nothing. Consequently, it behoved me to find some sort of employment, quite a difficult task in view of my upbringing.

Well, through the instrumentality of friends I secured a post under the municipal authorities of a provincial town of moderate size. The post, as regards work, was a mere sinecure; unfortunately, as regards pay, it was very little better. It was a position of trust. Practically speaking, I was treasurer to the town council. The members of the town council, I may say, were all tradespeople and possessed a profound distrust for one another and also for their class as a whole. But a University man and a barrister was another matter, and so they were quite prepared to pay me a small sum of money merely to keep my eye on, and be responsible for, their funds. Their faith in me was touching in its completeness; where they made the mistake was in not paying me more.

The contrast with my past life was altogether too marked, and I hadn't been in the place six months before I was utterly sick of my narrow existence. I looked about me for means of widening it; that is to say, for means of making money. But this is a world so constituted that one cannot make money without capital; at least, one cannot if one has been educated at a University. I understand that men who have never suffered under this handicap pass with comparative ease from the lowliest of positions straight into the House of Lords. But to make money by working for it was quite beyond my powers, and the only other way I know, short of stealing it or inheriting it, is to gamble for it. Well, that is what I did. I gambled for it—and with trust funds. When I say gambled, I am perhaps using the term in a not generally-accepted sense. I didn't go in for betting on horses, you know, or for card-playing. No, I took up the Stock Exchange instead. I have often thought that if those respectable, steady-going townsfolk had ever had the faintest notion of the way in which the municipal funds were being used, they would all have had apoplectic fits on the spot. From their appearance, one judges that as the most likely form taken by strong emotion. However, they didn't know, because, beyond a half-yearly audit of accounts, they never took the slightest interest in the financial position. It would have spoilt their trust in the University and the Law if they had done so. For the first two or three years I always managed to straighten things up for January and July.

Then things went absolutely and completely wrong in Jaffas. With only a month to the summer audit, I was minus quite half the funds. Well, the particular form my contrition took was to put the remaining half of the funds in a particularly shaky South African mine. It was neck or nothing, I felt, with an exceedingly strong bias to the "neck" side. I calculated that I ought to rope in the proceeds of success with just a week to spare. The consequences of failure I refused to contemplate. As it turned out, I had miscalculated the date of returns by a fortnight.

The last night of June that year was exceptionally hot. I don't think I should have slept very soundly in any case. As it was, I tossed about with a head on fire the whole night through, and the dawn found me reclining in a bath full of cold water. I hadn't a shadow of an idea what was to become of me, but the notion of making a bolt for it I never seriously contemplated. There might, of course, be good news by the morning's post. It was also just possible that I might postpone the audit for a day or two. But that was rather unlikely, as the auditor was a difficult man to deal with, owing to the fact that he by no means shared the townsmen's usual respect for my scholastic and legal attainments.

Well, the morning post came—and left me merely a tailor's bill. So I set out to meet the auditor at the town hall in a singularly unenviable frame of mind. Added to my mental trouble, I had a splitting headache and a general feeling of being wholly "washed out" that completely threw into the shade all the next-morning sensations of my college career. A perusal of the money columns of the morning paper had revealed nothing at all of an encouraging nature. Undoubtedly the game was up.

The sun was already blazing down on the cobbles as I walked across the old market square on my way to the town hall. A criminal going to execution would feel quite at ease as to his future compared with me. I passed into the shadow of the front of the building and up the stone steps. Just as I entered the vestibule and was turning towards my office, I felt a touch on my shoulder. I started and faced round. Then I started again. You see, the person who had tapped my shoulder was a policeman.

After the first shock, I felt on the whole relieved to think the business would soon be over. I began to wonder how many years they would give me.

The policeman was very polite. I had understood they always were, provided the victim "came quietly."

"Can I have a word with you, sir?" he said, respectfully.

"Certainly," I said. "What is it?"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say there seems to have been a robbery in the town 'all."

This seemed rather a crude way to put it. I thought they always called it "embezzlement," or something of that sort.

"Yes, sir," he went on. "A burglary."

"Oh," I said, blankly.

"Chap seems to have pretty well got off scot free. Safe's all broken open, sir, and empty. Awful mess the place is in."

"Good Lord," I exclaimed, "what luck!—Rotten luck. that is to say."

Well, that burglary was the sensation of the place. They never caught the burglar. He's still alive and doing well, as far as I know. Or possibly he has given the profession up in disgust. You see, he must have calculated on an immense haul, as that go-ahead municipality did its own banking. As a matter of actual fact, he got away with exactly thirty-five shillings and fourpence, the rest of the municipal funds being in my South African gold mine.

Three weeks later that gold mine turned up trumps. I made quite enormous sums out of it. Of course, I couldn't very well replace even the money I'd stolen, but since then I've squared my conscience more or less by buying the town a park and recreation ground.

Still, I've always a soft place in my heart for burglars. And that is the reason why I let off the man who broke in here last night. For all I know to the contrary, it might be the very man who saved my reputation thirty years ago. Judging by that event, to be caught here would be just his luck. My leniency in dealing with burglars in my public capacity as J.P. has often been commented upon. But I can't help it—I have a sort of fellow-feeling for burglars.

ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS.

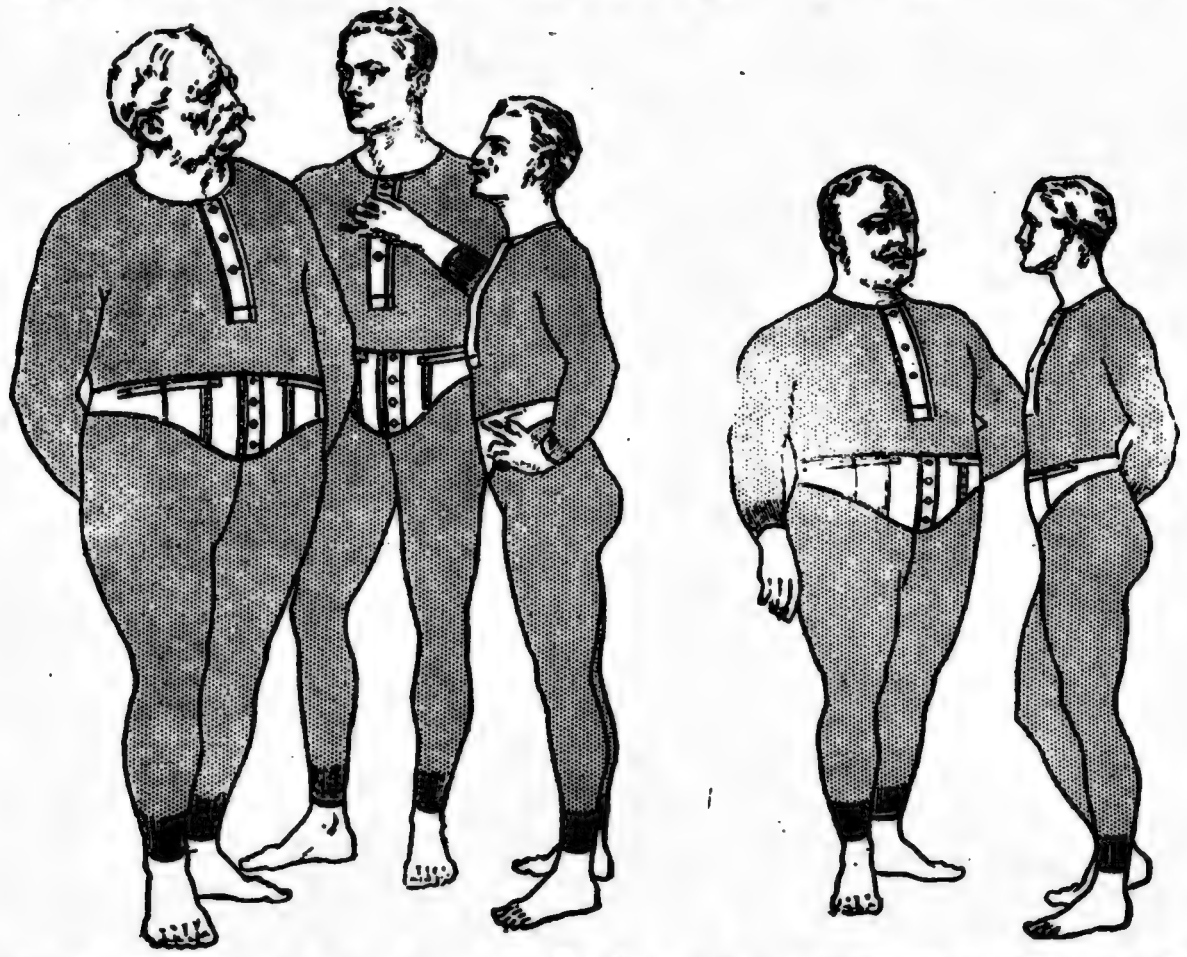
"To be taken in water," the label said,
On the medicine meant for the throttle;
And the invalid urned a ghastly eye
To gaze on the dreadful bottle.

"The doctor won't call for another two days,
And I can't send a message to ask;
All I can do is, apply myself
Like a martyr to the task."

So, into a bath full up to the chin,
All shivering, nude, he got,
Then reached for the bottle and grabbed it quick—
And bravely swallowed the lot.

Ricardo.

Whether you are Tall and Stout—Tall and Slender — Short and Stout — Short and Slender, or of Average proportions



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THE CANADIAN SIBERIA.

THINGS MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM DID NOT LEARN.

By a Travelling Correspondent.

Sir William Grantham has returned from a short trip to Canada, and has gravely lectured us on the great Dominion and its possibilities. His remarks struck me as being not unlike extracts from the high-falutin and mendacious literature issued by the Government of the Dominion and the carrying companies to lure victims out.

I repeat here the statement I made in John Bull on my last return from Canada—that during the previous winter 34,107 persons demanded shelter in the police stations of Montreal alone, and in the same city 62,700 more hired beds in the Army's doss-house. I took the figures from a pamphlet given to me by the Salvation officer in command in the city, and the statistics with regard to the numbers who sought police sympathy and shelter, it was explained in the booklet, were issued by the chief of the Montreal police. Naturally the figures were given to induce Montrealers to help the Salvation Army by subscriptions of money to relieve the distress, and in this they were more or less successful. Yet Colonel Lamb on this side of the Atlantic stated to an interviewer that he did not credit the statistics! You see, they were issued in Canada to help the hat around; but their publication in London was calculated to interfere with General Booth's cruel but dividend-paying immigration scheme.

His Lordship, apparently, did not mention that the winter lasts seven months, during which the thermometer touches 50 degrees below zero and stays there, that the expenses of living are more than double what they are in England, that during the winter all work ceases, that many poor fellows living on the savings of the summer are frozen to death, and that there are no poor-houses for the "down-and-outer," who has not even the sympathy of the Canadian, who dislikes the Englishman and tells him that he need not apply for situations vacant. The following, from a Canadian paper, is typical:—

> YOUNG MAN to drive with dump carts; must be willing to work and live in house; good home to right man; no Englishmen need apply. Apply 116 Madison Avenue, Upper Kensington, Notre Dame de Grace.

One could go on mentioning features left untouched by Sir William. Did his lordship, for instance, inquire into that dread malady known as "prairie madness"—in other words, common or garden lunacy, induced by the loneliness and the ghastly hardships of winter life?

"Improved farms at reasonable prices" is one of the inducements displayed on the windows of the Canadian Immigration office in London. They are mostly farms from which poor broken Britishers have been evicted by the Canadian Government because they could not fulfil the conditions that must be accepted by every homesteader who takes up free land. The mendacious lecturers who visit our country villages every winter—and should be horsewhipped out of them—make the innocent farmer or farm labourer believe in the Canadian Canaan business. He leaves the lecture, having heard lies cunningly devised to entrap him, and seen pictures that are as misleading as pictures could possibly be. He makes up his mind to go out, and he scrapes up the money to do so. When he arrives he is given 160 acres of land that may be good or may be worthless. Arrived on it, he finds that he must fence it, build a house, buy farm implements, stock, and seed, sink a well, and hire labour. Also, he must reside on the land for at least six months during each of the first three years. The majority of the victims find it necessary to work as labourers for other farmers during the summer months to make ends meet, and then to fulfil the conditions they settle down on the land for the winter. It is then that they have time to think—and to go mad. If they turn "bughouse" they are deported; if they break any of the conditions heartlessly imposed upon them, out they go and their "improved farms" are sold.

There is much to learn in Canada, and it is a pity that Sir William Grantham did not stay over a winter and discover something useful. I am convinced that if he had done so he would have come back and said, "Arm the women of our villages and towns with dishcloths and turn them loose on the immigration agents and lecturers, and pass a law absolutely preventing any English farmer from going to Canada unless he has in the bank a clear five hundred pounds."

YOUNG MOORE'S MONTHLY PROPHECY.

NOVEMBER.

The First of November being dedicated, for some obscure reason, to all the Saints, many strange happenings may surely be looked for on that day. The humane influence of the canonised ones will succeed in suppressing salmon-fishing with rod and line, although it will still be permissible to jab at the fish with a spear—if you have the chance. But, on the other hand, hounds will be unkennelled, and will chase the fox up and down the land, except in cases where they are led astray by facetious rustics trailing red-herrings on strings.

Now, while the fox is running to save his brush—at the same time cursing his luck that he was not born a Manx cat—the Bulls and Bears, who make day in the vicinity of Throgmorton Street hideous, will cease for a while from their perpetual strife; from which it may safely be deduced that the Stock markets will remain unchanged.

In the evening there will be an outburst of bitterness; back-biting, and bad blood among the would-be Borough Councillors who will have been defeated in the day's elections. Electors will be traduced, and their intelligence called in question. Contrariwise, successful candidates will partake freely of champagne and bottled beer—according to the locality of the borough—and will express high opinions of the intelligence of the burgesses who will have elected them.

On the 5th all persons afflicted by their god-parents with the name "'Guy" will be wise to remain within doors. In the evening there will be a not altogether unexpected revolution—of catherine wheels. Rockets will be in the ascendant—barring accidents. Chinese crackers will be in the explodant; and squibs will be in the spittant and squirtant.

On the 9th a dismal procession will drag its weary way through the streets of London, in doubtful honour of the new Lord Mayor, who, drest in a little brief authority, will be expected to celebrate his election by spending in the ensuing twelve months three or four times the amount of his official salary.

The 11th will usher in the quarterly recurrent day of misery for Scotland—Quarter Day. In consequence of a violent outbreak across the border of "shooting the moon," there will be a total eclipse of the lunar orb on the 17th, visible as far distant from Scotland as Greenwich.

On the 15th Parliament will reassemble, and the Osborne biscuit will be much devoured. The dead Conference will be "sat on," and a verdict of "natural death" returned. The Member for South Hackney will address a few posers to Ministers—and the Business Government will loom in the wintry sky.

BETHNAL GREEN BUMBLES OBDURATE.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GIRL?

Our readers will remember our comments upon the action of the Bethnal Green Guardians in refusing the relatives of a girl they adopted all information regarding her. Their Clerk has now written a further letter to her sister, stating that "she regards her adopted parents as her real parents, and they (the Guardians) resent an attempt to sever that tie, and rightly point out that the conditions under which they adopted her preclude the Guardians acceding to your request. You must, therefore, take this decision as final. If, however, you are dissatisfied, you have a right to appeal to the Local Government Board."

This is a very strange answer. All the girl's relatives want is to satisfy themselves—either by a *personal* letter from her or, preferably, an interview—that she is alive and well, and it is a gross scandal that their natural feelings should be outraged in this way. Remembering the case of a poor woman who died in one of the Poor Law institutions and whose relatives were informed, months after that event, that she was "alive and well," there is some cause for a very sinister interpretation of the remarkable action of the Bethnal Green Guardians in this matter.

We certainly advise the relatives to appeal to Mr. Burns.

From the *Arbroath Herald*. "The country stands in need of John Bull's Business Parliament."

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Every busin ess man, whether in business for himself or for others, is faced by problems the answer to which he does not know. These problems would be problems no longer if he—and this includes *you*—knew what other men of proved success had done when faced by similar difficulties.

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UTILITARIANISM.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

Supposing we were observant naturalists from another planet gazing at human beings through magnifying glasses of great power, studying their habits according to the most scientific principles, how we should laugh and mock and deride! Of course, it is not in the least original to announce that men and women are mostly fools. A fool called Carlyle has already said so of his own knowledge. But it is really remarkable what very silly things are done habitually by possessors of intelligence.

Snobs Show Off.

Ask almost anyone whether he is an utilitarian, and he will wax almost indignant over the bare suggestion that he could possibly be anything else. Yet the greater part of his actions, ambitions, trains of thought, are so utterly idiotic that, if we observed them in a monkey or a worm, we should give up all hope of mental development. Take clothes and ceremonies. I can understand wearing blankets in the winter, even waterproofs during April showers, but what conceivable utility or comfort is to be associated with underclothes, boots, silk hats, collars, ties, and hobble skirts? What possible advantage can be associated in a sane person's mind with gold chains, cut stones, dead birds, and similarly grotesque adornaments? In many cases they are intended as a display of wealth, but surely it would be much simpler to wear properly attested cheques round our necks and exact reverence according to the number of the figures.

Silly Ceremonies.

The same spirit which prompts these disguises of the human form divine is also responsible for all the absurdities of ceremonial acts. There is no conceivable object gained by bobbing a head, or bending a knee, or removing a hat, when catching sight of a friend. Processions of mayors in fur tippets and clanking chains, receptions of fugitive monarchs with booming guns and clattering cavalcades, the pompous funerals of the mighty dead, coronations, court receptions, the opening of Parliament, unveiling of statues, bonfires, fireworks, wreaths, banquets—almost all the dignities and courtesies of life are open to the ridicule of the utilitarian.

Tedious Titles.

How can anything be said in defence of titles? Why do otherwise sane people pay huge sums of money, intrigue, lie, cheat, inconvenience themselves and distress others, in order to have the senseless gratification of being called my lord instead of Mr.? When you come to consider it from a philological point of view, there is very little difference between the two modes of address. They are mere echoes or hiccoughs of an antiquated claim to some mysterious mastery; they belong to the days when men bought and sold slaves openly instead of indulging in the modern surreptitious, shamefaced ownership of others. Once upon a time the Lord or Mister cracked whips in order to enforce the obedience of gangs of serfs. Now he does much the same thing by jingling money and piously doling out salaries. Is it not surprising that anyone pretending to be an humanitarian should still take pride in the assertion of a mastery which belongs to barbarism?

The Pomp of Precedence.

Apart from the doubtful joy of being called Your Grace, or Sir John, or Mr. Councillor, there seems to be also a crass craving for the right to have weird collections of initials after a name on an envelope. To go back to the analogy of the scientific observer, what should we say when inspecting an ant-heap if we found that certain insects were glad to give up their stores of grain or the green flies which give them milk, in order to be addressed as O.M., C.B., or L.C.C. by correspondents from the beehive? Such amenities may impress your porter or your parlour-maid, but must cease to cause elation so soon as the novelty has worn off. The only advantage is that you obtain precedence. Gracious heavens! Imagine the abject state of mind of a man or woman who is ready to sacrifice honour or comfort in order of have the gratification of walking in to dinner in front of somebody else.

The Rage for Ribbons.

Then there are the foreign monkeys who advertise their success in life by going about with little bits of ribbon in the buttonholes of their coats. I believe some Frenchmen carry their vanity to the extent of proclaiming their decorations on the revers of their pyjamas. I only wonder they do not sleep with the insignia of the Legion of Honour or the White Elephant round their necks.

The Stupidity of Saving.

The whole attitude of human beings towards money illustrates extreme foolishness. What a large proportion of people take trouble and risks in order to accumulate fortunes which they do not attempt to enjoy. Misers, of course, are a kind of maniac, but we all knows hundreds of people who are quite good fellows, open-handed, generous, almost happy-go-lucky, and yet could be easily induced to sit up all night and imperil their health in order to obtain a sum of money for which they have no particular use. Look again at the people who stint and pinch and scrape to add to their investments and indulge in the mockery of saving. Then there is an east wind and they die, and their relations jump for joy, and all the accumulations are squandered on wine and women and riotous living.

Love's Labour Lost.

The animals we are observing are usually unreasonable in respect of those emotions which they call love. Read any romance or sit out any melodrama, and you will find them ready to become social outcasts by running away with other people's wives, ready even to commit murder in order to snatch damsels from other men's arms—and all because they derive a queer satisfaction from the contemplation of a cascade of silky hair, or an impertinent nose, or a mellifluous mouth. And these emotions are quite transient, except in the case of nice old-fashioned people. So you have endless crime and struggling and misery,—all for the sake of a will-o'-the-wisp which is doubtless very beautiful as it dances over the swamps, but will presently fade away like a firefly.

The Mischief of Marriage.

Then there is that reckless institution called marriage. A young man and a young woman gaze into each other's eyes or exchange osculation in dark lanes, and forthwith they decide to set up house together and bind themselves with links of iron to remain together for the rest of their natural lives. In a month or a year they have discovered all each other's shortcomings; in half a century there is nothing left to them but the contemplation of rheum and wrinkles and falling white hairs.

Aimless Art.

There are such countless examples of offences against utilitarianism that I must hurry on. I confess that my impatience is most vehemently aroused by all the nonsense which is accepted under the name of Art. Think of the armies of people who are encouraged to devote their whole lives to making pictures, or statues, or music, or books. It is almost impossible to conceive a greater waste of time. A really ingenious picture may afford a momentary joy to a few people who have been specially trained to understand it; but at best it is not a millionth part as beautiful, as fantastic, or as instructive as a glimpse of the Thames from Chelsea Bridge during a November fog. Consider also the dreary operas, the irritating oratorios, the soporific concerts on which gold is lavished galore. Fancy crossing the street to endure such torture, when you might steal away into the woods and listen to the chorus of the crickets or the sighing of the winds.

The Stupidity of Sunday.

Sunday observance, again, is a lurid illustration of an outrage on Utilitarianism. Here you have hundreds and thousands of poor deluded people turning Sunday into a day of wrath, an awful day, in which they may not play games, or smile, or seek enjoyment of any kind, because, forsooth, some old Jews, thousands of years ago, cherished a superstition about Saturday.

The Ugliness of Utilitarianism.

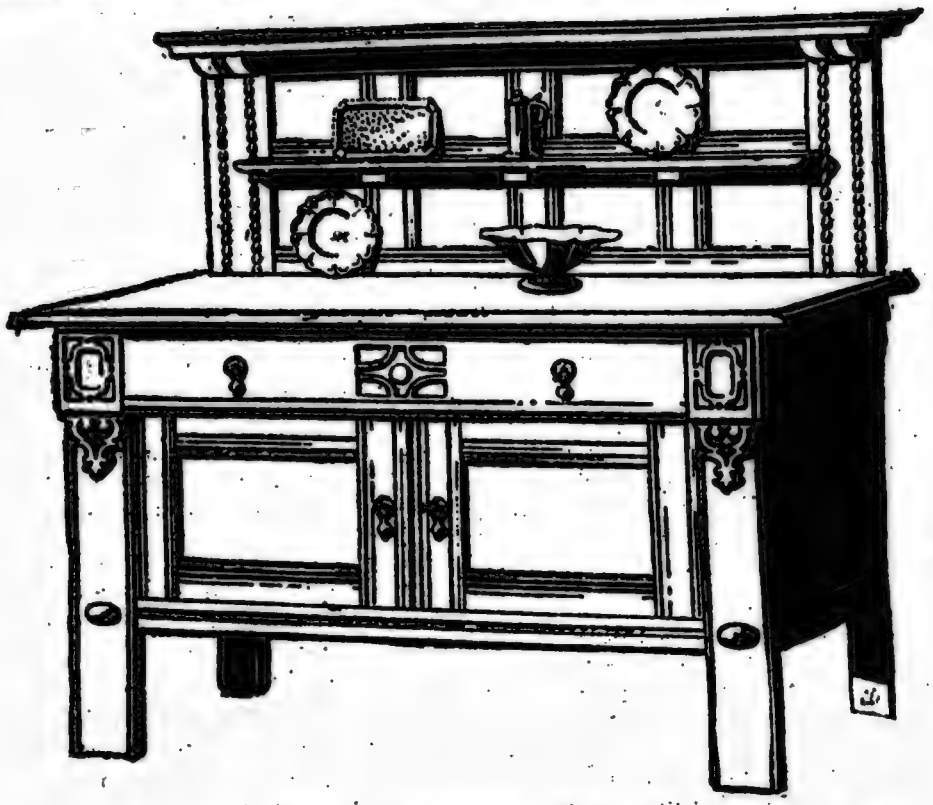
O! ye runagates! After carefully proving to you how utterly idiotic and useless are all the pomp and circumstance, the sentiments and emotions, the colour and glamour of life, I now take leave to suggest in a still, small voice, that everything would be horrible, drab, and dreary without them

Midland Furnishing Co. Ltd.

15, 17, 19, 21 & 23, SOUTHAMPTON ROW

HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Six doors from the Holborn Restaurant and the G.N., P. & B. Rly. (Holborn Station), 1 minute from Museum Station (Central London Railway), and 3 minutes from Oxford Street.



Large Jacobean style Sideboard in beautifully figured oak, beautifully carved and finished, antique colour **£9 19 6**

Our latest guide and Catalogue is free upon application. Our prices are the same, both for cash and credit.

In order to facilitate a personal selection by Country Customers we shall have pleasure in paying the fare to town on a purchase of £30 worth and upwards. Country Orders packed free and carriage paid.

It is a well-known fact that the Midland Furnishing Co. are the only firm selling high-class furniture at cash prices, and at the same time giving customers the advantage of spreading the payments over one, two or three years without any interest or extra charge whatsoever. NO deposit is required. For cash a discount of 5 per cent. is allowed.

Worth. £	Per Month. £ s. d.	Worth. £	Per Month. £ s. d.
10 0 0	6 0	200 0 0	4 10 0
20 0 0	11 0	500 0 0	11 5 0
50 0 0	1 8 0	1,000 0 0	22 10 0
100 0 0	2 5 0	2,000 0 0	45 0 0

Or by other proportionate payments to suit purchaser's convenience.

LAW FOR THE MILLION.

IV.—HUSBAND AND WIFE—MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS.

Most people who are contemplating matrimony realise the additional responsibilities they are undertaking, and desire to make some provision in case unforeseen misfortunes should overtake them. This provision is often made by means of a "Marriage Settlement."

Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of "Marriage Settlements" (1) Ante-nuptial, that is, a deed of Settlement executed by the intended husband and wife before marriage, and by one or more persons who have consented to act as trustees. (2) Post-nuptial, or a deed of Settlement executed by the parties after marriage.

If both the husband and wife own property, each usually contributes to the Settlement.

The property is transferred to the trustee or trustees who hold it in trust, and are bound to deal with it in accordance with the terms of the Settlement; it is, therefore, important that the parties should carefully consider what terms and conditions they desire inserted in the deed.

There are very important differences between a Marriage Settlement executed prior to the marriage (*i.e.*, ante-nuptial), and one executed subsequently (*i.e.*, post-nuptial). An ante-nuptial Settlement is based upon "valuable consideration"—viz., the marriage—and the property (which may consist, entirely or in part, of household furniture) cannot be seized by the creditors of either the husband or wife; whereas a post-nuptial Settlement is deemed to be of a voluntary nature, and would be void if either the husband or wife, whose property was settled, became bankrupt within two years of its date, and even if the settler became bankrupt within ten years of its date it would be void, unless those claiming under it could prove that when it was executed the settler was solvent.

One of the objects of such a Settlement is to prevent either the husband or wife dealing with the principal during their lives, and there is invariably a clause inserted which is known as the "clause in restraint of anticipation," the effect of which is to prevent either of the parties from raising money on the security of the income derived from the property.

The deed should specify the trustees' powers of investment. Many deeds limit them to the securities enumerated in the Trustee Act, 1893, but others give them much wider discretion.

It is usually provided that the income derived from the property shall be paid to the husband and wife during their lives, and afterwards the property to be divided amongst the children of the marriage.

Power of advancement is often given to the trustees, but usually while the parents or either of them shall be alive only with their, his, or her consent, to raise out of the fund money not exceeding a specified amount, and apply it for the advancement or benefit of any child of the marriage, such as to enable it to enter into a business or profession, or to provide a daughter's outfit on marriage, and it is also generally provided that any child who has received such an advance shall bring it into account when the time arrives for the division of the funds.

It sometimes happens that the parties are unable to obtain suitable persons to act as trustees, owing to the fact that the liability of trustees is heavy, and their duties often involve a great deal of time and labour, and however beneficial their services may be, they are precluded from receiving any remuneration or making any profit out of the trust (but they may claim to be reimbursed for all proper expenditure). To this rule, however, there are certain exceptions and trustees are entitled to be remunerated—(1) Where the deed provides for such remuneration. (2) When at the time of accepting the trust remuneration was agreed. (3) Where the Court has expressly allowed remuneration. (4) Where the property is abroad and it is the custom of the local Courts to allow remuneration.

Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining a suitable trustee or trustees, the Public Trustee (an office established by an Act of 1906) may be appointed.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

(Questions cannot be answered by post.)

Boundary Wall.—J. D. (Saff Well).—You have no claim.

Bankruptcy.—An Anxious One (Dulwich).—If a creditor dies, his executors can continue the proceedings, but we do not think in the circumstances you mention they are likely to do so.

Goods Paid for Before Delivery.—T. J. (Penally).—If you cannot obtain delivery of goods or refund of money, take out a summons in the County Court.

Solicitor's Costs.—T. D D. (Watford).—The solicitor must render a detailed account, and give you credit for the amount he recovers from the other side. For the sum in question, his charges appear excessive. You can apply to the Registrar of the Court to have the bill taxed.

Conversion into Shop.—Anxio.—You cannot convert the house into a shop unless the terms of your lease so permit.

Restraint of Trade.—H.—You are bound by the clause not to take another berth, or to start in trade in the same district. S. C. R. (Blackburn).—The clause constraining you from starting business within twenty miles of your master is too wide, and we do not think you would be bound by it.

Power of Trustees.—M. G. F. (Tottenham).—It depends on the terms of the will.

Income Tax Abatement.—Peron.—You must claim the abatement, or you will be charged in full.

Will.—J. S. (Stockton-Tees).—To obtain the copy of a will of a person who died in Montreal, write to the Provincial Secretary, Quebec, Canada.

Form 4.—In Doubt (Islington).—As your lease has over 50 years to run, you are deemed to be the owner, and must fill in the form. If you dispose of your lease at a profit, you will be liable to increment duty. When your lease expires, it will be the ground landlord's turn to pay. There may yet be some lively discussions in the House—"Wait and see."

Notice to Landlord.—Albanian (Herts).—If the landlord accepted the amount in full settlement, you are not liable for anything further.

Foreclosure by Mortgagee.—S. A. W. (Southsea).—Sorry we cannot recommend solicitors.

Arrears of Wages.—"Constant Reader" (Harrogate).—Better sue in the County Court.

Administration of Estate.—J. O. (Aberdeen).—Better write again to the Executor and register the letter, also communicate with the Natal Government Savings Bank.

Marital Dispute.—W. Q. (Notting Hill).—As a separation order has been made, you must not interfere with your wife. W. G. G. (London).—Your domestic affairs are very complicated. Better keep away.

Anxious to Marry.—C. T. (Dundee).—If you are both over age, you do not require anyone's consent. You can get married by registrar's licence, but you must have resided in the district for 15 days. Witnesses are easily obtainable.

Deceased Wife's Niece.—W. H. (London).—If the lady is your late wife's niece, you cannot marry her, but, according to your letter, she is not.

Patent.—W. H. B. (Cranleigh).—Better consult a registered patent agent.

Workmen's Compensation.—A. D. (Leyton).—If you met with the accident in the course of your employment, the master is not entitled to make the deduction. Unless the injury disabled you from earning full wages for more than a week, you are not entitled to any compensation; if it did, you are entitled to half wages after the first week.

Allowance to Mother-in-Law.—N. T. (Islington).—You are not legally compelled to make her any allowance.

Education of Child.—Glasgow Member.—A parent or guardian is compelled to send a child to school regularly between the age of 5 and 14 years—not after.

Printing Football Coupons.—H. H. S. (Catford).—If the coupons relate to gaming and wagering, you would be liable to penalties.

Tied Tenant.—J. A. (Kelso).—You have no remedy against your brewers for charging you higher prices than they do to free houses.

Income Tax.—Brownlee Hall.—The managing director appears to be right. Appeal to the Commissioners.

Intestate Succession.—P. A. T. (Kensington).—There can be more than one next-of-kin. The brother and sister divide equally—the elder brother does not take priority. In this case the same law applies in Scotland as England. We presume estate of deceased consists entirely of movable (personal) property.

A. F. (Chichester).—Carter and Bell cannot recover the amount they claim against you if you pay the debt.

Hospital near Dwelling.—T. H. P. (Malvern).—It is unfortunate that the hospital has been built so near to your house, but you have no remedy. Better endeavour to get the landlord to release you from your agreement.

Judgment for Rent.—R. G. O. (Stamford Hill).—As the solicitor did not turn up to defend the case, an application should have been made for a new trial. It is too late to do anything now.

Marriage.—F. S. (Nunhead).—The marriage must be solemnised in the district where the notice has been given. (2) If the ceremony takes place in a Nonconformist place of worship, both the place and the officiator must be licensed for the purpose, and in such a case the registrar does not officiate. A W. (Denmark Hill).—The cost of getting married in a registry office is about 10s. Clarach (Twickenham).—The informality is not sufficient to invalidate the marriage.

Marriage Certificate.—E. C. (Camberwell).—To obtain the copy of a certificate of a marriage which took place in 1716, you must apply to the vicar or rector of the church in which the marriage took place, when he will send you one on payment of a small fee.

Claim to Money.—H. G. (Edinburgh).—On payment of a small fee you can obtain copies of documents from Somerset House, without making any application to the Court. We do not think any lawyer would take up the case without payment, as, owing to the time that has elapsed, it would be very difficult to substantiate your claim.

Tenancy Agreement.—Worried (Kilburn).—If your agreement is for three years, you cannot leave before the expiration of that time, and you must give the stipulated notice. The fact that you pay your rent monthly makes no difference.

Purchase of Business.—J. I. R. (Wimbledon).—If the firm who sold you the business are, contrary to the terms of your agreement, carrying on a similar trade within the radius, you can maintain an action for damages, but when the case comes on for hearing you must take care to have the necessary witnesses present to prove your case, and had better instruct a solicitor.

Banns (Fife).—Enquire of the local clergy, or consult the local directory.

Deduction from Salary.—H. W. B. (Wandsworth Common).—If your master granted you time off to interview prospective employers, he cannot make any deduction from your salary, but you should not have been unwilling to make up after office hours the time you thus lost. We do not think it advisable to apply for a summons in such circumstances.

Claim against Foreign Government.—Porfirio (C. Mayo).—Owing to the lapse of time and your being unable to obtain any documents, we fear your case is hopeless, and in any event the nephew named in the will would be the only one entitled.

Costs of Defence.—Elflo (Chichester).—The Treasury do not pay the costs of Dr. Crippen and Miss Le Neve.

Hire of Machine.—W. J. S. (Bow).—The stipulated time (six months) having expired, you are not liable to pay compensation under clause 6 of the agreement, but see that the machine is returned to the owners in good condition.

Drawing of Will.—D. B. (Camberwell).—It is not necessary to employ a solicitor to draw a will, though this course is advisable. If you draw it yourself, use ordinary simple language and steer clear of legal terms. The will must be signed in the presence of two witnesses. No stamp is required, and it is only registered at Somerset House after the death of the testator.

Intestate Succession.—G. I. (Finsbury Pavement).—If both parents die without having made a will, the children divide the personal property (i.e., such as furniture, money, etc.) equally between them. The eldest son is entitled to all the real property (i.e., freehold land and houses).

Doctor's Fees.—Scald (Hither Green).—If you did not authorise the woman to go to your doctor, you are not liable for his fees.

Selling Goods on Commission.—Bad Luck (Chelsea).—If "A" collected the money and did not pay it to the firm, he is guilty of a criminal offence. He had better try and arrange with them to pay by instalments.

Rates.—J. S. (Lower Clapton) and W. M. (Bermondsey).—Appeal to the Assessment Committee; but you must pay the rates meantime. R. A. M. (Camberwell).—The rate collector is within his rights. You appear to have had ample time.

SOMERVILLE'S

Scotch Whisky

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, HOUSE OF COMMONS, THE TREASURY AND OTHER GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Direct from Scotland at Wholesale Prices.

If you wish better whisky for less money than you are paying at present, let us send you by Post 3 Bottles of the Finest that Scotland can produce for comparison—choose ours nearest to the price you are paying and compare OUR quality and OUR price.

You run no risk—our guarantee keeps you safe.

GUARANTEED AGES.	POST FREE 3 BOTS.	Carriage paid to nearest railway station. 6 BOTS.	12 BOTS.
4 Years Old	9/6	18/6	36/-
6 Years Old	11/-	21/6	42/-
10 Years Old	12/6	24/6	48/-

FILL up the Order Form and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY,

or cut it out and preserve it for future use.

POST FREE.

Sample Half-Bottles.

4	years old	1/9
6	" "	2/-
10	" "	2/3

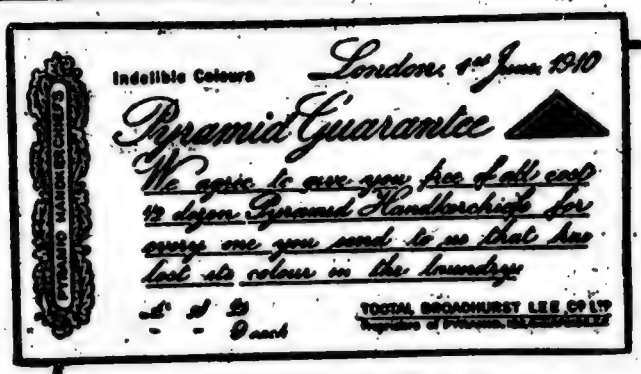
To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd., Distillers, Cragmillar, Edinburgh.

ORDER FORM and GUARANTEE.

I enclose remittance value..... for which please send me.....of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed.....Years old Scotch Whisky **on condition that if it is not the finest Whisky I have ever tasted at the price I shall be entitled to have my money refunded.** JOHN BULL, 29/10/10.

Name .....

Address .....


Indelible Colours
London, 1st June 1910
Pyramid Guarantee
We agree to give you free of all cost 12 dozen Pyramid Handkerchiefs for every one you send to us that has lost its colour in the laundry
PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

SEND FOR SAMPLE

If your dealer does not stock "Pyramids," send us nine penny stamps for a post-free sample, in order that you may test their superiority and unique guarantee.

Address: "PYRAMID," Dept. 4, 132 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Please note we can only supply one sample to any address. With the handkerchief we will send you name of nearest dealer.

9d. each.

4/3 half-dozen.

Same Guarantee with "LISSUE" Handkerchiefs for Ladies.

A revelation in Handkerchiefs

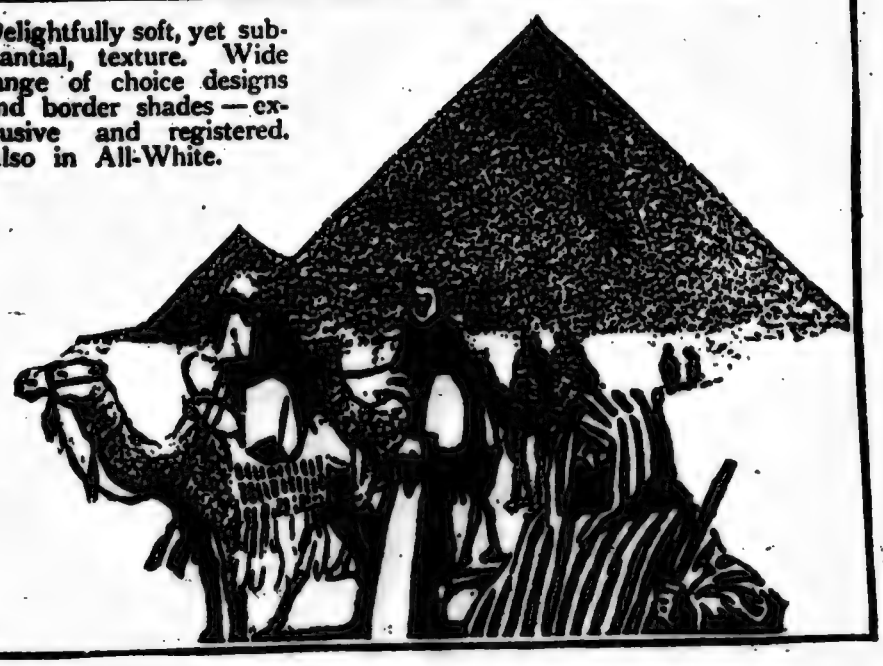
PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

for Men of Taste

carry this unparalleled Guarantee:

Six "Pyramids" Free for any one which loses its colour in the laundry.

Delightfully soft, yet substantial, texture. Wide range of choice designs and border shades—exclusive and registered. Also in All-White.



IS A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT COMING AT LAST?

RAPID CONVERSION OF MINISTERS.

In introducing his Budget, Mr. Lloyd George described a Naval Loan as a "pernicious expedient." Mr. Bottomley strongly dissented from this view, and Mr. Churchill was an attentive listener to him. Is this the sequel?

July 6th, 1910.

Are you going seriously to suggest that it is to be an everlasting feature of civilised life and government that the great nations of the earth are to be eternally vieing with each other for the possession of the best means of destruction and of war? It is a blasphemy upon the doctrine of civilisation; and if you believe that a wave of sanity will some day come over the world, are not you entitled to say that this vast naval expenditure is for the benefit of the permanent Empire, and for the benefit of posterity; and are not you entitled, by loan or in some other way, to say that you will shift that burden on to the shoulders of those for whose benefit it is incurred?—

(*Extract from Mr. Bottomley's speech in House of Commons, July 6th*, 1910.)

October 20th, 1910.

The following letter was this day addressed by Mr. Churchill to a correspondent:—

Home Office,
London, S.W.

My Dear Sir,—I am certainly not prepared to say that in no circumstances should this country have recourse to borrowing for naval purposes.

At present the very high expense to which we are put for new construction and for the maintenance of the Fleet is largely due to special and peculiar circumstances, some of which are not necessarily, or even probably, of a permanent character; others of which need not be expected to recur—after the present phase has passed—except at long intervals in British history.

WE TOLD YOU SO!

Extract from Speech by Mr. Bottomley on the Licensing Bill.

What will happen? You will impose such burdens upon licensed premises that the rating authorities will be bound to take cognisance of the fact, with the result that the assessments will have to be reduced and the ultimate burden will fall—not upon the licensed trade—but upon the unhappy ratepayers. In your vindictive attempt to punish the licensed victualler, you will punish the already overburdened citizen—and will do nothing for the cause of temperance."

Copy of Notice issued by the Metropolitan Borough of Finsbury.

The Borough Council desire to inform the ratepayers that as a consequence of the reduction of the rateable value of the public-houses and other licensed premises in the Borough, owing to the increased license duties payable under the Finance (1909-1910) Act, 1910, resulting in a considerable diminution in the Council's income, they have been compelled to make the *Rates for the present half-year One Penny in the £ higher* than they would otherwise have been.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR.

MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

What would happen if poisoned wedding cake were sent through the post?

Will the officers leave any room for the crew in the new men-of-war, or will they be towed astern in a lighter?

What is the religion—and politics—of the Editor?

When was hyoscin discovered and what does it cost?

Please explain in a short article how to fill up Form IV.

Does the executioner receive a salary from every town in Great Britain, or is he compelled to perform executions anywhere?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—CXIII.

A YOUNG WIDOW WITH SEVEN CHILDREN—A SAD CASE FROM BRADFORD.

This week we make an appeal on behalf of a widow:—

Her husband died only a few weeks ago in the Bradford Hospital of heart failure, leaving her with a family of seven young children totally unprovided for. The eldest child is fourteen years old, and the youngest fifteen months.

Ever since their marriage the man had been able to earn only a small wage, and he was frequently on short time, so that it was impossible to save for "a rainy day." A year ago he was admitted into the Bradford Hospital with rheumatic fever, which left him with a weak heart. Immediately after his discharge, his wife was taken away to hospital to undergo an operation—this severely handicapped him, as, despite his being in a weak state of health, he had to carry out his work and attend to his family. Bradford members of the John Bull League have made full enquiries into the case and gather that during his illness the man never made his position actually known, and that both he and his family went short of food. This had a serious effect upon his health, and, it seems, brought about his early death.

The subsequent struggles of the widow form a pitiful story. She is of a quiet disposition, and long kept her poverty secret. The time has now arrived, however, when she can no longer do so, and help must be forthcoming or her little home will be broken up and she and her children will be forced to enter the workhouse. We may say that during her husband's lifetime he was a member of the Eastbrook Hall Choir, and Secretary of the West Bowling Musical Union, both of which societies are endeavouring to the best of their ability to help the family.

We have satisfied ourselves that this is a most deserving case, and will gladly forward any help that our readers give.

We have received, and duly remitted, the following sums to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CVIII.—"A Mother," parcel of clothing.
CIX.—"Shop Assistant," 2s.
CXI.—"Becky," 2s. 6d.
CXII.—J. J. J., 1s.; J. P. B., 1s.; "An Honest Freemason," 5s.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

October 27th.—Ex-President Roosevelt.

Many Returns—but not to England, pray!
Nor yet (the lions plead) to Africay;
Neither to Germany, doth William say.
All Europe joins the chorus of dismay,
Beseeching Teddy still to keep away,
Yet wishing many glad returns—
Not of the *man*, but of his natal day.

November 1st.—Madame Albani.

Sweet singer, born to charm the ear,
To light the smile, to draw the tear
And soothe the heart that's sore;
May each year be a happier year
Than that which went before.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the
JOHN BULL LEAGUE,
and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 1/-

Name .....

Address .....

....

MRS. BULL

LIMITED.

Capital = = = £150,000

Divided into

100,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each

and

400,000 Readers' Preference Shares of 2s. 6d. each.

The Readers' Preference Shares are entitled to a fixed cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum, on the amount for the time being paid up thereon, and rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares both as to capital and dividend, and may be converted at any time, into Ordinary Shares.

ISSUE OF THE 400,000 READERS' PREFERENCE SHARES AT 2s. 6d. EACH.

Directors:

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C. (Chairman of JOHN BULL, LIMITED), *Chairman.*

HENRY T. BURTON, PARTINGTON AND COMPANY, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C. (Director of JOHN BULL, LIMITED).

JULIUS SALTER ELIAS (Director and Manager of ODHAMS, LIMITED, Long Acre, London, W.C., and Director of JOHN BULL, LIMITED), *Business Manager.*

Bankers:

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, Covent Garden.

Solicitors:

JENKINS, BAKER, REYNOLDS AND CO., Chapel Place, 31, Poultry, London, E.C., and 5, Bedford Row, W.C.

Auditors:

W. B. PEAT AND CO., 11, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.

Secretary and Offices:

COLES L. HARRIS, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and carrying on the newly-established weekly Journal, *Mrs. Bull*, under the same direction as that of *John Bull*, as a broad-minded and outspoken organ devoted to the interests of women.

The directors are satisfied that there is an equal opening for such a journal as there was for *John Bull*, and their opinion has been abundantly confirmed by the reception which has been accorded to its first number—for which the Trade orders amounted to no less than **650,000 COPIES**, whilst the Advertisement income totalled considerably over £1,000, notwithstanding that a large number of orders had to be held over. It may be confidently asserted that these figures constitute a record in the case of a new publication. It has taken *John Bull* upwards of four years to achieve such results. It is, however, a well-established fact that two "sister publications" issued under one administration and inter-dependent upon each other, invariably achieve equal measures of success, and there is every indication that this will be the case with *John Bull* and *Mrs. Bull*.

What such a Circulation and Advertisement revenue means may be gauged from the following extracts from the Publishers' Books relating to *John Bull*, showing the Trading Profits after charging all expenditure of an ordinary character :—

1910.		
July	£2,648	16 4
August...	£2,046	0 3
(Holiday Month)		
September	£3,402	11 5

Notwithstanding, in some ways, the field open to *Mrs. Bull*, especially from an advertising point of view, is even greater than in the case of *John Bull*, it is quite unnecessary to enlarge upon the probable financial results of the undertaking, as the issue of Shares now being offered for subscription will require only £3,000 per annum for its service, although, as will be seen below, Subscribers will have the option of sharing in the full profits *pro rata* with the founders of the journal.

400,000 Readers' Preference Shares of 2s. 6d. each.

The Capital of the Company is £150,000. Of this amount, £100,000 consists of Ordinary Shares, but none of these are offered for subscription. The remaining £50,000 is divided into These Shares are now offered for subscription. They are called Preference Shares because they are entitled to accumulative dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, before the ordinary shareholders receive anything out of the profits. It will thus be seen that the first £3,000 earned by the paper in each year—that is to say, 6 per cent. upon £50,000 (or 400,000 2s. 6d. shares)—is to go to the Preference Shareholders; and a reference to the figures given above will show that the provision of the Preference dividend is a relatively small matter. In addition, every Preference Shareholder will have the right to convert his holding into Ordinary Shares, and thus participate in the total profits. So much for the purely commercial aspect of the shares now being offered.

There is, however, another, and a very important, consideration attaching to the issue. It will be observed that the Preference Shares are called READERS' *Shares*, and that they are of the popular denomination of 2s. 6d. each. The idea, quite apart from the question of investment, is, as far as possible, to make every reader of the paper a part proprietor of it—thus applying the co-operative principle which has proved so remarkably successful in the case of *John Bull*, and in a lesser degree of other publications.

In allotting these shares, priority will be given to lady applicants, as it is the special desire of the Directors that every reader of *Mrs. Bull* should regard it as, in the fullest sense, *her* paper.

Although the new Journal will be in all respects under the same control as that of *John Bull*, great pains have been taken to get together an exceptionally competent editorial staff—imbued with the same spirit of broad-minded commonsense, unfettered by convention or commonplace, as that which has characterised the pages of *John Bull*, and has contributed so largely to its unique success. Up till now, women have been without any Press organ of their own worthy of the name. Dress patterns, vulgar society small talk, and pudding recipes, have been the standard characteristic of practically all women's journals—just as, prior to the establishment of *John Bull*, party claptrap and inane submission to the Powers that Be, were the order of the day in the journalism of the Man in the Street. A perusal of the first issue of *Mrs. Bull* will show the manner in which the proprietors will endeavour to achieve their object.

The commercial department of the journal will, as in the case of *John Bull*, be under the management of Messrs. Odhams, Limited, whose facilities for newspaper printing and publishing are greater than those of any other firm in the trade, and who have furnished a report to the Directors, from which the following is an extract :—

"The new Journal 'Mrs. Bull' has been received most favourably throughout the trade. Before the first number went to press our wholesale orders amounted to nearly 700,000 copies—one well-known house having given the largest order ever issued for a new weekly paper; whilst the total constitutes a record figure.

"As regards Advertisements, the facts are much the same. Every available space was booked up weeks before the paper came out—one large manufacturing firm booking a page a week, at full scale rate, until the end of 1911, with the option of renewal for a further period of years at an enhanced price. We have been compelled to omit a large number of advertisements for want of space. Orders are coming in freely for other issues, and many firms are booking spaces for a long period.

"In our experience, no other Journal has been so well received by the public, the Trade, and the Advertiser, and we see no reason to doubt that its success will be equal to that of 'John Bull.'"

APPLICATION FORM.

To the Directors of MRS. BULL, LIMITED,

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £ , being 2s. 6d. per share on Preference Shares in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of shares upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number that be allotted to me, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Ordinary Signatures .....

Name (in full) .....

Address (in full) .....

Profession or Business .....

Dated ..... 1910.....

Note—Please write very distinctly.

All Cheques to be made payable to Bearer, and crossed "& Co."

OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS

To Mrs. Bull.

Dear Mary,—I have read, with both pleasure and pride, your letter, addressed to me in your new paper. I am indeed glad to know that the success which the appreciation of a generous public has showered upon my own venture has inspired you to journalistic ambition, in the interests of your sex. And, if your first number is an index of what your readers may rely upon, a great success is yours, as well.

Never was there more need, Mary, for such a journal. This twentieth century will be historic for many things, but for none more than the final emancipation of woman. By that phrase, I do not mean that woman will have taken the place of man—Dame Nature will see to that—but she will have ceased to be either the Society doll, stuffed with the sawdust of Frivol, or a Human Incubator, or an animated cooking machine. In assisting to hasten that new order of things, you have undertaken a proud mission. But you will be no melancholy missionary. Your sweet soul, your rippling laughter, your shrewd wit, and, above all, your warm humanity, permeate every page of your paper—and I am not surprised to learn that, at a bound, you have sprung to a position which it has taken me over four years to achieve. Rely on my poor help in every way. We have worked together now for many a year, and our family has grown up around us. But hitherto, whilst, according to my lights, I have done my best for the girls, I'm afraid the boys have had the better share of my attention. It is now "up to you," Mary, to give the girls a chance. I love them, cherish them—worship them. You *understand* them. Whenever I doubt the divinity of the human soul, I look into the eyes of a good woman—and all is mystery once more. *You*, Mary, understand the working of that wondrous thing. You understand, as I cannot, the apparent conflict, now in progress, with its physical and mental environment. And I leave it all to you. God bless and prosper you.

John.

To Mr. Walter Wellman, America.

Sir,—Hitherto I always looked upon you as a bit of a fraud. You were constantly announcing your intention to undertake incredible expeditions to the [illegible] were quite skilful in inspiring the [illegible]ment of the Press and the confidence of capita[illegible] at the last moment there was always some pi[illegible]tical accident which prevented your departure. [illegible] however, you have displayed an amount of pluc[illegible] ness, and I cannot res[illegible]gratulating you on your miraculous escape. My [illegible]tion is that you have now earned a right to repose [illegible] may safely rest on your laurels. I suppose you w[illegible] next few years in relating the story of your exp[illegible] tell us mo[illegible] about the cat. It was certainly to be [illegible]onded for the prescience in jumping overboard at the [illegible]nt of sta[illegible] on your wild goose chase.

John Bull.

To Sir G. Sherston Baker, County Court, Barton-on-Humber.

Dear Judge,—Just a few lines to inform you that if you don't want to be had up for assembling to break the law you had better be more careful. I am told that as the Registrar of your Court was about to swear a witness the other day, according to the new statute in that behalf, etc., you thusly instructed him: "Swear the witnesses in future in the old way. Give the go-by to this tiresome new Act. I don't know why I shouldn't follow the example of my superiors of the higher Courts." Sir, know you by these presents that what the Act says it says, that an Act is law, that laws are made by the Parliament of this realm, and by consent of the King, and that if a witness demands to be sworn according to the new Act it is not even for the Lord Chancellor or the Lord Chief Justice, let alone a mere County Court judge, to set himself above this galaxy of wisdom, authority, and talent by giving it what you call the "go-by." If you order a witness to osculate a microbic Testament, I don't think he is likely to commit Contempt of Court if he respectfully declines. I fear you have a habit, my dear judge, of taking it for granted that you occupy a vaster place in the scheme of things than is the fact. You are simply a gentleman paid to administer the smaller law as you find it; and if you don't, you're liable to be upset. So don't forget it. He is a strong man who knows when to be humble.

John Bull.

To Sir Arthur Nicolson.

Dear Sir Arthur,—I always thought you were a strong man, and that we should soon see some striking development in our foreign policy. You are one of our very few clever diplomatists, and it is distressing to find you clinging to the superstition of a Russian Alliance. Now is the moment; perhaps the last opportunity, for a decive policy in Persia. If you could not cope with Monsieur Isvolsky, you might at least have adopted Fabian tactics until he had retired to the obscurity of the Paris Embassy. John Bull.

To Mr. H. B. Irving.

Dear Irving—Congratulations on your protest against "the dreary spirit of Puritanism which has had a baneful effect, has killed much innocent enjoyment, and seems to delight in the darkness, dulness, and idleness of the Sunday; does so much to injure true religion itself, and is responsible for so much hypocrisy and self-righteousness." This is a very terse summary of my own view, and I hope you will persevere in your campaign against kill-joys. And you must join my League. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, Irish Secretary.

My Dear Obiter Dicta,—During the last few weeks it has been widely reported that His Majesty's Customs have been defrauded in Belfast to the extent of from £10,000 to £30,000 by persons connected with the leaf tobacco industry. If the voice of rumour is to be credited, the frauds have been of a character as daring as they were ingenious, the weighing scales being manipulated against the Customs in the presence of several of its chief local officials. It is added that a man detected in this process of swindling the revenue has confessed that it has been carried on every day for two years.

Now, sir, as you must be well aware that this alleged fraud is a common topic in Belfast, my purpose for the moment is to ask you what efforts you are making to sift the facts and bring to book the men to whom the finger of suspicion points? In some quarters it is being said that Dublin Castle intends to hush up the scandal in order to accommodate the exigencies of the political situation. While you remain Chief Secretary for Ireland, my dear Obiter, my natural instinct is to refuse to believe anything of the kind. There is the cautious whisper of a name. I have no right to concern myself with it at this time. It is, however, the concern of yourself, the Belfast Customs; the Belfast police, and the Irish Law Officers. To you and them public opinion is looking in the matter. See what America is doing with some of my fellow citizens.

John Bull.

To P.S. Ritchie, Bushmills.

Sergeant Dear,—Not to put too fine a point on it, that was an awful mess you made of yourself the other day in trying to make a mess of other people—to wit, Mr. Publican White and the beanfeasters of my outraged contemporary, the *Northern Constitution*. Conceivably, the progress of the Catch-My-Pal teetotal movement in the north of Ireland has put a hard task on the policem[illegible] anxious to get up a drunk case. However that may [illegible] the accountant, three reporters, and ten compositors h[illegible] apparently set out from Coleraine with the hope a[illegible] promise of joyous jinks. Providence is good, but son[illegible] times careless; and between Ballycastle and Bushm[illegible] rain from heaven, and blasts from everywhere, assail[illegible] them in their wagonette; their overcoats sucking in [illegible] celestial waters like sponges. At Bushmills, therefore, they entered the hostelry of the Good Samaritan, who placed at their disposal the hospitable fires of the parlour and the kitchen. *Bona-fide* travellers, they remained to dry their garments after the doors of the hostelry had been closed to the untravelled thirsty.

There you found them, Sergeant, saw a few empty tumblers about, imagined the servants of the *Constitution* "had the appearance of drink," thought these very respectable young men remained too long on the premises according to the Act, reported them and the Good Samaritan to District Inspector Davis, R.I.C., who hauled the lot of them before the magistrates, who gave you and your superior a contemptuous snubbing, and dismissed the case. As one of the magistrates, the Provost of Trinity College, put it, "it would have been a most inhuman thing for the publican to turn the men out on such a night." I agree with him. Agreeing with him, I can only conclude that the District Inspector and yourself brought this silly, unreasonable, and unreasoning charge because you had no other work to do.

John Bull.

HOBBLED!

JOHN BULL: "My dear Britannia, do get rid of that ridiculous thing, and let us get along!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Five per Cent. Bank Rate Received with Equanimity—Gold from Paris—South Africans and Coppers Strong—Yankees Strongly Supported in Wall Street—Home Rails Ease—The Turkish Loan.

The five per cent. Bank Rate has been received with equanimity by the City and the Stock Exchange, as everybody had anticipated the movement owing to the exceptionally large gold withdrawals for Egypt. Most of that gold will no doubt come back early next year, and in the meantime it appears that, in order to prevent any further advance in the English Bank Rate, the Bank of France will allow some gold to go to London. In addition, the bulk of the £591,000 arrived from the Cape and £963,000 due next Monday, with about a million from Brazil, are practically certain to go into the Bank of England. But when will the gold reserves in London at last be placed on a different basis? Here is Egypt alone taking £10,000,000 or more gold, and the Bank reserve, never more than £33,000,000 is now only £22,000,000, with all the Home demands still to come, and we have to go hat in hand to the Bank of France! The market, fortunately, takes a rational view of the matter, and the tone has remained reasonably firm. *Home Rails* have eased to a moderate extent, and this by the way, presents an excellent opportunity for investment. Gilt-edged Securities have, of course, suffered, and *Consols* have declined to 79⅝ per cent. for cash. The *Foreign Market* is out of sorts, owing to the rupture in the *Turkish Loan* negotiations and withdrawal of the proposed *Chilian Loan*, but that is really a blessing in disguise and should benefit existing securities. The Wall Street potentates are doing their utmost to prevent gold shipments to Europe, as is illustrated by the fact that they have succeeded in placing some £2,000,000 sterling short term *Railroad Notes* in Paris, which might turn the exchange in their favour again. So far, they have been able to maintain the advance in *Yankee Rails* and *Copper*, but it is skating on thin ice. The firmest markets, however, have been *Rhodesians* and *Kaffirs*, which mark important advances, as I said they would, while the *Jungle* looks like following suit.

The Charing Cross Bank Collapse.

The suspension of payment by the Charing Cross Bank last week has created a very painful impression, as it was known that many small investors had deposited money with the concern, attracted as they were by the very high rates offered. It appears that Mr. Alfred William Carpenter, the proprietor of the Bank, filed his own petition in bankruptcy and the Official Receiver at once took charge. In its advertisements the Bank used to state its assets at £1,607,949 and liabilities £1,236,871, leaving an apparent surplus of £371,078. Some estimates, however, put the liabilities at two millions. But the statement of the Official Receiver will now have to be awaited, as, not being a joint stock bank, no accounts or balance-sheets were published. Apparently, large sums of the Bank's money are invested in a Canadian Railway scheme, and this may have caused a lock-up. But it was an open secret that the Bank made a business of money-lending, and the stiff rates charged for loans were assumed to enable the management to pay the extremely high interest on fixed deposits. Many have been the inquiries as to the safety of the establishment which, from week to week, I have received from would-be depositors, and I have invariably replied with the warning that "high rates for deposits are not compatible with safety." As the concern had forty-five branches dotted all over the Kingdom, the trouble will be severely felt. According to rumour, some 20,000 people in London are among the victims, and the deposits are particularly heavy in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other Scotch cities, the Leeds depositors being apparently interested to the extent of £30,000. It is to be hoped that the committee now being formed may be able to mitigate to some extent the distressing losses.

The Case of the Great Northern Deferred.

Ever since August last, when Great Northern deferred were quoted 45¼, I have been drawing attention to this stock both for investment and speculation. The quotation has since touched 51¼ and still is but little below 50—viz., 49½—so that those of my readers who took this tip have already a very handsome profit to their credit. But they need not be in a hurry to sell. On the contrary, the position and prospects of the line are so good that a further substantial advance would be fully justified, especially as in 1900 the quotation crossed 58, although at the time the important "Triple Alliance" (composed of the Great Northern, Great Central, and Great Eastern Companies) was not dreamed of. The working agreement between those three important systems has effected considerable savings in working expenditure, which process is expected to continue for some time to come; and this, together with the go-ahead management which has always characterised the Great Northern, places the company in a more advantageous position than it has occupied for a long time past. For the first half of the current year the ratio of expenses was 65.03 per cent., as compared with 66.20 per cent. a year ago, and a further reduction may be expected for the second half of the current year. The gross traffic increase from January 1 to June 30 was about £76,000, and since then to October 15 there has been a further published increase of £38,200. The dividend outlook is, consequently, extremely rosy, and a distribution of from 2¼ to 2½ per cent. for 1910 may be anticipated on Great Northern Deferred. In 1898, for which year 2¼ per cent. dividend was paid, the quotation touched 61⅜, and during the following year it reached 71⅜, although for the latter period the distribution was only 1¾ per cent. The course of prices in the past years should afford precedents for the future.

Will Copper Boom?—Strong Efforts by American Oil Interests—Rio Tinto Position.

It is a matter for great regret that there are not in London, and, for the matter of that, in Paris, strong and determined market leaders, such as are now lifting the American market out of the rut. More especially the copper market is being supported by strong measures, which appear at last to be achieving their object, and those in charge of the American copper interests are turning an apparently hopeless outlook into a "Bull" position. The curtailing of the American production of the metal is at last telling its tale in diminished stocks, while in Europe, too, the visible supply is shrinking. But the most striking confirmation of a far-reaching agreement was contained in the directors' report of the *Rio Tinto Company*, according to which they have arranged to reduce the output of copper by the end of the year by 2,000 tons as compared with last year, while special mention is made of the friendly appreciation with which this step has been met on the other side of the Atlantic. It is obvious that the American producers will take good care that the monthly returns in the States should prove much more favourable and, once this is shown in the statistics, there will be no more buying of the metal from hand to mouth by consumers. In fact the "Bears" that are left are being badly punished, and already last week an operator in London who was short of Copper and Grand Trunks came to grief with differences of £25,000. No wonder that Standard Copper here is up at £57 for cash and £57¼ three months, while Tintos have advanced to 70½. Should the revival in American Rails prove of a more permanent kind, the Railroad companies would be able to make their new capital issues, and there would then be large orders for copper and steel in connection with railway construction and rolling stock, and that would be another "Bull" point. *Amalgamated Copper* shares have been pushed up to 72½—as against 68, the lowest point touched in 1910, and 46½, the lowest in 1908—they are the bellwether of American Copper shares and had risen to 124⅜ in 1906-7. There is, of course, a serious drawback to speculation in *Copper* and *Copper Mining* shares—viz., that any serious relapse in American Rails would at once react upon the former. And even the Wall Street potentates could not stand against dear money or gold exports from New York.

Kaffirs Firmer—Rhodesians Strong—West Africans Hardening—Mexican Gold Mines More Active.

Quite a cheerful tone has developed in the South African market, with which even the 5 per cent. Bank Rate has not interfered, and Kaffirs will probably enjoy a further advance after the completion of the settlement. Working costs are still being reduced, and even the new electric winders are stated to effect savings of considerable amount. The *City Deep Mine* will commence crushing with a portion of the mill in December, while the Brakpan mill will start early in 1911, and the full *Benoni* mill in April. The *Randfontein Central* may be expected to become a very large producer at the end of the present year. This speaks well for the gold output of next year, and all the above-mentioned shares are a good purchase. Profits, too, are increasing, and for August and Septembejr worked out to 10s. 4d. per ton, and the total profit for September (30 days) was £942,330, against August (31 days) £961,304. Rhodesians are going exactly as foreshadowed, *Rhodesian Exploration* having advanced to 3⅛; while nearly all the shares included in my last week's table have also advanced, the latest Bull point being a favourable cable from the *Gaika Gold*. But it is obvious that amongst sound mines a good many doubtful propositions are now being put up, and it behoves investors to walk carefully. On the other hand, some promising mines, such as *Rhodesia Cons.* at 7s., *Mapeke* at 14s., and *Hay Mines* at 1⅛, have not

moved yet. *Shamva Mines* have been raised to over 5 per £1 share, of which there are 500,000 issued, so that the present capitalisation already exceeds 2½ millions. I fully admit the potentialities of the concern, but anyone inclined to buy these shares should fully realise that it will take years to pay a decent dividend on such a capital. *Mexican Gold Mines* have been more active, but in the case of *Esperanza* the activity was of the wrong kind, as they fell to 1 13-16 in anticipation of an unfavourable monthly output. Who, by the way, had this early knowledge? The return is now published, and shows only £7,114 profit, of which £2,528 has been expended on construction, but exceptional circumstances are pleaded. Mexico Mines of El Oro are fairly steady at 7⅞ and El Oro at 26s. 9d., but some demand has developed for *Carmen El Oro* at 1½-1⅝ on a private cablegram from Mexico:—"Ground is getting far more mineralised, and the formation is identical to the El Oro Mine. Expect to strike ledge sooner than expected. Desculsidora Mines and *El Oro* drifting from opposite direction in good ore." The *Francisco del Oro* is again at the end of its tether, and is making an issue of 7 per cent. Mortgage Debentures. The question is whether this last resort will bring the concern to the profit-earning stage. *West Australian* are still out in the cold, although *Kalgoorli* are improving on the latest favourable cable. By the way, the case of the *Paringa Mines* is interesting. Large sums of money have been expended without locating any rich and permanent deposit of gold. Now two sets of tributors have discovered separate lenses of ore, which have the appearance of developing into what might turn out to be another Oroya Brownhill (the adjoining mine) chute. In two shafts much payable ore is now ueing obtained, and the Company is now exploring below the tributors' workings, and as there is ample working capital and equipment, further news is looked for impatiently by the shareholders. The shares have improved to 1s. 9d.

CHILLAGOE—AN IMPORTANT SUBSIDIARY.

There is good news for Chillagoe shareholders. A cablegram from Melbourne states that on the Chillagoe Company's Zillmanton property in the Etheridge goldfields, shaft No. 1, crosscut No. 3, ore 3 feet wide assaying to per cent. of copper has been struck. Nor is this all. I understand that a Company is now being formed in London, under excellent auspices, to take over four of the Company's gold mines on the Etheridge field. The capital of the new company is £130,000, and the Chillagoe, being the vendors, will receive a large sum in cash and shares. Obviously, the Chillagoe Company will, in addition to the large immediate profit, reap a further large future profit of a permanent character, as all the ore from the mines will be carried by the Chillagoe's railway and treated by its smelters. What price Chillagoe shares now?

NIGERIA TIN—MORE NON-PROSPECTUS COMPANIES.

I have received a good many enquiries with regard to the Nigerian Tin Mines, which are now being pushed to the front, partly owing to the rise in the metal, which now stands at about £169 for cash and at £164 for three months. Just now, the base metals are in favour—but, with regard to tin, the question, of course, arises whether the astute and daring German speculators who have, to some extent, cornered the metal will be able to hold on. The rise in tin, is, however, the opportunity for the Nigerian promoters, and they have already managed to bring out some ten mining companies, all of which have been launched in a prospectusless condition, and, of course, they have been mostly introduced into the market at a considerable premium. The following table will show the present prices:—

Champion G. Rfs.W. Afr.	2 1-16—23-16	Naraguta Tin Corp.	1⅛—1¼
Gel, Lode & Alluvial (5/-)	5/6—6/-	Nigerian Tin Corp	1—1⅛
Jos Tin Area (5/-)	5/9—6/3	N. Nigeria (Bauchi) Tin	11-16—13-16
Juga Tin & Power	1 1-16—1 3-16	Tin Areas of Nigeria (5/-)	14/6—15/-
Lucky Chance (5/-)	1⅛—1¼	Tin Fields of N. Nigeria	1⅛—1¼

The latest introduction has been the *Gel Tin, Lode and Alluvial Company*, above referred to, which has some connection with the *Abosso*, *Taquah* and *New African* Companies, and is apparently pushed forward on the strength of the contiguousness to the Naraguta. The Naraguta Company has just paid its maiden dividend of 1s. per share, and I am told that this auspicious event is to be celebrated by the flotation of a number of other Nigerian concerns, all of them prospectusless, and to be introduced into the Stock Exchange privately. In fact, we are threatened with the immediate introduction of an undertaking rejoicing in the melodious name of the *South Bukeru (Tin) Mines*, capital £50,000. Some particulars are also published of the Bisichi Tin Company (Nigeria, Limited, capital £200,000 in £1 shares—but not a full prospectus. I do not know at what price these shares are to be issued, but I wish to enter a protest against the introduction of a number of such companies at a premium when most of them are mere prospects, and all I can say to my readers is that I advise them to make the most careful enquiries before committing themselves, so as not to lose their money in this Nigerian gamble.

THE JUNGLE—BRACING UP FOR A RISE.

The Jungle looks like following the important upward movement in South African Mines, and prices at all events are low enough in all conscience to warrant an improvement. To take an extract from the Blue Book of the Gold Coast Colony for 1909 just issued, the decrease in the production of gold was due to the fact that certain mines, which were producing in 1908, limited their output in 1909 in order to increase their ore reserves and to further develop their properties. On the quartz and conglomerate mines in the Colony and Ashanti, 404,853 tons were treated, producing 210,391 oz. of gold, an average extraction of 10,402 dwts. per ton. On the conglomerate mines in the Taquah district, 180,327 tons were crushed, producing 91,433 oz., being an extraction of 10.14 dwts. per ton. The *Prestea Block "A"* Mine stopped crushing on July 1909, for addition to and alterations of the plant. The following table shows latest movements of prices:—

	Highest 1909—1910.	Lowest, 1909—1910.	Price, Oct. 12.	Price, Oct. 24
Abbontiakoon (10/-)	16/6	7/9	8/-	9/6
Abbosso	3 3-16	1⅛	2	2 1-16
Ashanti Goldfields (4/-)	2⅜	11/-	1⅝	2
Bibiani	19/-	6/-	7/-	7/6
Broomasie (10/-)	14/-	5/3	7/6	8/6
Champion Gold Reefs (5/-)	3 15-16	⅞	2	2 3-16
Effuenta (5/-)	10/-	2/9	3/-	3/9
Fanti Cons. (10/-)	28/6	12/6	17/-	19/-
Fanti Mines (5/-)	12/-	4/6	5/-	6/-
Gold Coast Amal.	5⅛	1 15-16	2⅛	1 3-16
Himan Cons.	32/6	6/6	1 1-16	1 3-16
New Gold Props.	7/3	6d.	2/9	3/6
Offin River	20/3	4/-	7/6	8/6
Prestea Block A	38/-	15/-	32/-	33/6
Prestea Mines (7/6)	11/6	2/6	7/-	8/-
Taquah Exp.	3 15-16	1 15-16	2	2 3-16
Wassau	17/9	6/-	6/6	7/6
Wassau West	18/9	5/-	5/6	6/-
North Tarkwa Synd. (5/-)	9/-	3/-	4/-	4/3

It will be seen that a recovery from the lowest prices has commenced, and there is little doubt that it will make further progress. Nearly all these shares are a good purchase—especially those in the Companies which will benefit by the opening of the extension of the railway from Tarkwa to Prestea, which is now practically completed, and the most promising of which are *Prestea Block "A."* with its large accumulated ore reserves, and the allied Company, *Prestea Mines*, the latter shares being remarkably cheap. If you ask me when the real rise in West Africans will come, I can but reply: "Ask the little Napoleon of Finance."

RUBBER AND OIL SHARES MARKING TIME—PLANTATION RUBBER IN GOOD DEMAND—SOME GOOD SPOTS IN OIL SHARES.

I dealt so fully with Rubber and Oil shares in last week's issue, with special comparative tables, that I may to-day be brief in my remarks. The course of Rubber shares is entirely controlled by the price of crude Rubber, and we have now the leading Malay shares rather lower, *Linggi* at 44s., *Vallambrosa* 39s. 6d., after a spurt caused by a rise in fine hard Para to 6s. 6d., the quotation now being down again at 6s. 1d. But the fact that the average of last week's Plantation auctions works out to 5s. 7¾d., against 5s. 0½d. per lb. at the previous auctions, is in favour of Middle East Rubber, and 62 tons, moreover, have been purchased for forward delivery in 1911 at a price equivalent to 6s. 5d. per lb. in London, the bulk being sold by the *Anglo-Malay*. No wonder that these shares are firm at 24s. 3d. No doubt the buying of Middle East Rubber favoured by Americans will, in due time, cause an adjustment in prices, as their abstention from buying Para is the reason of the comparative dulness of the latter. I keep to my view that anyone buying *David Young* 2s. shares at 2s. 8d. to 2s. 9d., will acquire an interest in a company which will be an early and large producer, and that the result will be an early rise. As regards Oil shares, the continuance of the Oil War has prevented any general improvement, but the market is steadier and there are some strong spots. It is true that *Shell Transports* have not recovered yet beyond 82s., after their fall to 79s., but *Egyptian "A"* and *Newfoundland Oilfields* have recovered, and *Franklins* have risen to ⅞—15-16. The latter, I hear, are bound for higher prices, in view of the increasing production of the Company. The various Maikop shares are also steadier. *Maikop Valley Prefs.* at ⅛ discount, *Premier* at 15-16—1, *Black Sea Prefs.* at 1 1-16—1⅛. Good news is to hand from the *Mexican Eagle* Company, which has struck oil in two large producing wells, which have been safely capped, pending the completion of the tankage.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

Farrow's Bank.—Argyllshire (Beaumore).—Quite safe.

Belmont Mining Company, Limited.—H. F. J.—I have made every enquiry on the Stock Exchange, and find that this Idaho Company is not known here, and that there is no market for the shares. It is impossible to find out in London whether in the States they may be of some value. You had better make your enquiry in New York, or Boston, or in Idaho itself.

Motor Co.—Taxicab.—Caution is certainly advisable, especially as nothing is known concerning the company. Why not make an inquiry through one of the motor-trade papers?

Land Co.—Anicus.—I am inclined to advise a sale of these shares, in view of recent legislation, which may affect all such undertakings. The 3,500 £10 shares issued are fully-paid.

Telephone Preferred—J. T.—You might as well realise now, as the stock presents little prospect of any further appreciation in capital value, all the known contingencies having been practically discounted.

Property Shares—Christopher.—Recent legislation has doubtless affected all such shares, in which, moreover, there is no free market. The continued decline in the stock suggests some unpleasant development with regard to the dividend being in sight, and it might be advisable to clear out.

Collecting Society—P. H. G.—I am afraid your misgivings will be found justified. I cannot trace the concern in the usual way, as the letter has been returned through the Dead Letter Office; the people behind have evidently decamped. In future have dealings only with reputable concerns of acknowledged standing.

Bond Deposit—Anchor (Swansea).—I am strongly averse to this form of investment, and the society in question is so obscure that nothing whatever can be gleaned regarding its position and prospects. If you can get rid of the bond, do so, and also withdraw your deposit as soon as practicable.

Industrial—Lino.—I do not advise you to take a financial interest in this Yankee industrial concern. The assertion that the stock has not its equal "for a safe investment and large returns" is absurd.

Rhodesians—J. T. C.—In view of the present revival in Rhodesians, it is quite on the cards that the particular shares mentioned will further improve, but I doubt whether they will ever reach your price again.

Ilfords, &c.—Turpin.—(1) Ilfords, Limited, have experienced a good many vicissitudes, but they have been doing better of late, and last November paid a dividend of 6 per cent. for the year. The next dividend announcement is due in the near future, and, if it should be satisfactory, a further improvement in the shares is probable, of which you might take advantage to sell out. (2) The Texas Oilfields is still in the development stage, and its chances of success are problematical. The secretary and offices are Mr. H. L. Bateman, 58, Coleman Street, London, E.C. There is no market for them. (3) Yes, David Youngs are a promising low-priced rubber share; I have in recent issues given full details of the position and prospects.

Oil Shares.—Interested.—By all means, keep your Maikop Pipelines. The company is a very promising one, and the shares have only gone down in sympathy with the rest of the market. No Surrender.—It is worth while to pay your calls. In any case, you could not get out of your liability, even if you forfeited the shares.

Rubbers.—Reader.—From every point of view I prefer David Youngs to the other British Guiana rubber company mentioned.

Premium Bonds—F. E. B. (Nigeria).—Your letter has been posted, as requested. P.S.—It is very unfortunate that you should have lost the certificate, but it usually is sufficient to give a written guarantee to procure the issue of a duplicate, and you must try to get this instead of a banker's reference. Why not send them another reference from a good firm? What you require has been forwarded. Soucieux.—The meaning is that some of the firms persuade you to buy a number of Premium Bonds, and amongst them some which are practically worthless. Therefore, it is important to be advised by people who will only recommend sound bonds. As regards the London firm mentioned by you, they would certainly advise you well. Why don't you ask them what they think of the bonds you bought from Paris?

Five Kaffirs—Muddle.—The Kaffir market is gradually bracing up, and there is every prospect of your prices being reached again, if not exceeded. Do not sell any of your holdings, most of which, moreover, are paying substantial dividends.

Secure Investments—Dawn.—(1) I cannot contemplate the contingency you mention, but a Government annuity may be regarded as absolutely safe. (2) No. (3) Such stocks as Consols, Irish Lands, India Stock, Colonial Government Bonds, &c., are the best, when security takes precedence over interest.

Rails, &c.—Fairlawn.—(1) Brighton Preferred and South Eastern Preferred, which will give you even more than you ask for. (2) Grand Trunk First Preference, Antofagasta Five per Cent. Debentures, at 113. (3) Yes, Randfontein Estates Debentures are a first-rate holding of the kind.

West Rand Proprietary—C. W. H.—There is no market in these shares, and the last information available was that the company owned mineral and trading rights over an area in British Namaqualand. As far as I know, the office is at 14, Mansion House Chambers, London, E.C.

Investment in Building Societies, &c.—Nil Desperandum.—(1) I would strongly advise you not to put too much money into any individual building society. They are not absolutely safe. (2) Similarly, why should you put this money on deposit, when you can get 4½ per cent. in sound Home Railway stocks, which are absolutely safe? I strongly advise you to do so; and, if you wish the name of a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, to do the business for you, I will be pleased to send it.

Deposits.—Birko.—The bank is, as you know, old-established, but I really do not see that it is much of a catch to put money there at 2½ per cent., nor is it on the same plane with the great London Joint Stock Banks. Under the circumstances, therefore, I strongly advise you to invest the money. You can get 3½ per cent. in Colonial Government Stocks, which are quite safe, and easily sold again.

Outside Brokers.—Mayable.—You must make the decision yourself. These are highly speculative transactions, and whether you would win or lose I could not tell you. Ivan.—Outside brokers, and it is obvious that the promise made in the circulars, with which the country is flooded just now, cannot be kept. F. O. R.—All three are outside brokers, doing only a highly speculative business. P. C. F.—I strongly advise you to commit such circulars, inviting participation in tempting deals or combinations, to the waste-paper basket. Clarence.—Both firms are nothing more than "cover-snatchers." They might bait the hook by letting you win once or twice, in order to get you to put up more money with them and induce your friends to do so; but take the historic advice and "Don't." Tam.—My invariable advice is to deal only through members of the Stock Exchange. You cannot, however, speculate through them on the "cover" system, and if you are not in a position to pay up differences in the ordinary way, you had better not speculate at all, or one of these days you will find yourself in a mess.

Loans.—Money.—I do not know anything of the people, but I think you will have to be very careful. Nor can I recommend you anyone else. The circular is returned.

Charing Cross Bank.—A.E.B.—I remember replying to your letter, stating that I did not recommend such deposits, as "high rates of interest are not compatible with safety." Fortunately, you have not made the deposit in the Bank, which is now in the Receiver's hands; but I am sorry for your friend.

Chillagoe.—St. Ives.—For your information, and for that of a few other shareholders, I have obtained the following particulars from the London office:—(1) The handing over of the Etheridge Railway to the Government next month will benefit the Ordinary shareholders, as, until this is done, it is not declared officially opened—following which traffics will doubtless increase considerably. Although the Government take over the railway, the company still receives all the profits, after the Government duty of 2½ per cent. on the cost has been deducted. (2) The gold mines acquired and held on option by the Company are expected to prove a most profitable investment; but no fresh capital will be necessary and it is improbable that the remaining 1s. per share will be called up. (3) Owing to the large sums written off for depreciation, the figure at which the plant stands in the Company's books is absurdly low. (4) The payment of dividends depends on the action of the directors, but it would appear, from the increasing traffics of the railway and the increasing outputs of the smelters, that there should be a fair sum available for distribution at the end of the year. It is not improbable that a separate company will be formed for working the above-mentioned mines belonging to the Chillagoe Company in the Etheridge Goldfields. Should this be carried out, it would mean, of course, a very large profit in cash and shares for the Chillagoe Company and a rise in the shares of the parent company.

Higgs Dairy Company.—H.I.—I do not remember having referred during the past twelve months to the formation of this company.

Storage Shares.—J.B.B.—Very little information is available with regard to this concern, and it is understood that a Debenture issue is to be made as soon as the opportunity offers. There is no market for the shares, at present at any rate.

Linoleums.—Miss A. E. B.—These shares are a fair industrial holding, and they can be bought in a London market at 22s. 6d., or perhaps a little under. Do not pay more for them.

Building Society.—Portico.(1) You really must not ask me to tell you whether this Society is of such a standing as to make an investment of £1,000 in shares absolutely safe. Personally, I think it is too much to put into any building society, and you had far better invest the money in sound securities, yielding you from 4 to 4½ per cent., or in gilt-edged stocks, yielding from 3½ to 3¾ per cent. (2) Any of the great London Life Offices are safe enough, such as the Sun Life, North British and Mercantile, and Royal, etc.

Savings Banks.—W.B. (Hackney)—I really should not like to pass an opinion with regard to this institution, but you have the remedy in your hands by transferring it to the Post Office, when it would be quite safe.

Brewery Company.—Ploughman.—There is no market for the shares. The Company is suffering from the effects of the general depression and increased competition in the brewing industry, and I can hold out very little hope of a recovery under present conditions.

Chartered.—Interested.—The British South Africa Company was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1889. Its sphere of influence is the whole of Rhodesia, of which it has the civil government. It is interested not only in the land and the railways, but is also entitled to royalties on all minerals, precious and otherwise. One of these days, no doubt, the territory will be taken over by the Crown, and the company will, of course, receive a suitable compensation. (2) Not yet; but may do so, at the present rate of progress, in a year or two.

Macgregor Cloncurry Copper Mines.—L.F.—Most of these Australian copper mines have so far proved disappointments, and in the case of the concern in question you will have to take the risk, if you decide to join the reconstruction, of having thrown more good money after bad. It is a pure gamble.

Birkbeck Building Society.—H. H. S. (Zurich) complains of the terms of house-purchase through the Birkbeck Building Society.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

Empire Guarantee.—Shareholder (Barrow-in-Furness).—We agree that the shareholders get very little in the scheme of transfer to the National Provincial Corporation, but we do not see how you can mend matters.

Prudential.—Claim upon an Agent.—If we read your letter correctly, you say that in addition to the deficiency of £6 there was a further deficiency of £3, and that you repaid yourself the balance of your £10 deposit, £4. You are clearly liable for the £3, and the company is entitled to call upon your guarantor for that sum. On the other hand, you are, of course, entitled to put against this deficiency any unpaid commissions that may be due to you.

City Life.—J.B.B. (Ripon).—The answer is in the affirmative.

Liverpool Victoria.—Justice.—The Company decline to accept the evidence as to your baptism certificate for the reason that it is in their opinion unreliable. They require a certificate of your birth or some other reliable proof of the date of birth. You say that this cannot be got. So much the worse for you. The company is, in our opinion, within its rights in coming to the decision of which you complain.

Status of Company.—J.W. (Denham).—The Society is certainly a genuine one and has been doing a large business for some years. The surrender value seems small, but it is in accordance with their regulations, and we fear you cannot hope to induce them to increase it.

Endowment Policy.—W.A. (Hale).—It is quite true the Company passed their last bonus, but we do not think you need fear a repetition of this action. We do not think it is worth your while to make the suggested sacrifice.

Sundry Questions.—Bount (Dundee).—(1) It is not for us to say whether the House of Lords will uphold the decision of the Court of Appeal in the matter of the Irish Provident Assurance Company. (2) Yes, there has been the amalgamation to which you refer. (3) Your other questions are answered in the affirmative.

United Counties Assurance.—F.W. (Hatfield).—You do not tell us the name of the Company in which you are at present insured. The United Counties was only established last year, and does not do life business.

Integrity Insurance Company.—Elgin (Glasgow).—The answer is in the affirmative. The name is A. Miller.

Endowment Policy.—O.H. (Wigan).—The Sun Life of Canada will give you as much as any, and more than most.

W. P. R. (Gowerton) and others.—You ask us a number of questions, but you omit to send the fee. When you do so we will answer them.

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The Village Curé,
The Country Doctor.
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The Unknown Masterpiece.

But some of these are short, and as some of them have been, though they are complete in themselves, written in co-relation to other novels, it has been thought well to add to the thirteen selected by Mr. Shorter a few of the other novels of Balzac's. Each one of these possesses distinctive excellencies, and the Balzacian who is most jealous of his author's fame would not willingly have left one out.

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THE ELUSIVE ARTHUR.

By Richard Morton.

In a day dream of blissful peace, stretched on a roomy couch that was littered with soft cushions, the elegant Arthur was lying at full length; his length is pretty long, too. He wore a satisfied smile and a turn-down collar with a ready-made black bow.

When the noisy deputation came rushing in on his seclusion, a slight shade of annoyance for a moment flickered athwart his brow, but it passed like a summer shower.

"Gentlemen," he enquired, sweetly, "will you kindly explain, if you can, the meaning of this visit?"

"We," said Lord Willbe D. Broke, who placed himself at the head of the intruders, "we are the Revelley."

Arthur winced. "Your pronunciation is atrocious," he said. "It jars."

"I give the military pronunciation," answered his Lordship, "because we are the advance guard of the Unionist army. And we sound the revelley as a prelude to the coming fight. We call upon you to take the lead."

"There is," murmured the great man, "a passage in the poets that has always commanded my admiration. It runs—

"'Tis the voice of the leader,
I hear him complain:
'You have called me too soon,
Let me slumber again.'"

"This is no time for slumber," said Prettyboy. "We want you to come out into the open and fight. There's the land question, for instance."

"And a hundred millions for the Navy," said Lord Charlie Condor.

"And the Army for everybody," said Lord Willbe. "I want to see all the other fellows doing two years' service with the colours."

"Conscription?" hazarded Arthur, lifting his eyebrows with a conscious effort.

"Call it universal military service. Bobs says it sounds better that way."

"And don't forget," piped Wanklyn, "the most important plank of all, Tariff Reform. You really must make up your mind, you know, and tell us something definite."

"I sigh sometimes," said Arthur, meditatively, "for that promised good time pictured by another poet—

"'When the Wanklyns cease to wankle,
And the Garvins garve no more.'"

"But, hang it all," protested Lord Willbe, "you really must wake up and do something, you know. What about that veto? What has the Conference been doing all this while?"

"Ah," sighed the great man, caressing his marble brow with a lily hand, "that has been a perfectly delightful time. Such a curiously complete idea on the part of Asquith. Eight of us, you see. It has been very restful and intellectual."

"But what did you do?"

"Why, we played bridge, naturally. Just the right number for two tables. What else could we do?"

Angry murmurs arose in the room. "What about Home Rule all round?" "How about that judgment?" "What are we to do about F. E. Smith and payment of members?"

Arthur raised his hand in pained protest. "Gentlemen," he observed, "all this is very distressing. I am reluctantly compelled to suggest you are not exercising that patience and those habits of self-control so necessary in the ranks. As your leader, I would not hurt your feelings for worlds, but aren't you just a little—now, aren't you?"

"We only wish you to speak out and give us the straight tip on the points we have raised."

"Believe me," said Arthur, earnestly, "I am engaged on a matter of far more urgency and importance."

"Ah!" cried Lord Willbe, "You have a plan! You are our leader after all. You're an artful beggar when you like. What's this little scheme you've been working at in the dark?"

"Gentlemen," said Arthur, "I am at present very busy in revising the rules of golf."

The Unemployed of all Classes.

I am preparing a book for publication on this immense subject, and shall be glad to hear from men and women of every school of thought wishing to contribute their theories as to causes of poverty, remedial measures, etc. Address, in first instance, Elizabeth Woodruff, c.o Mr. Webb, Printer, 125, Strord Green Road, N. [Advt.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

ENCOURAGING RECRUITING.

If there are still doubts in the mind of any individual that the military authorities are not capable of managing even a coffee stall, the following should convince them. A couple of years ago a Bristol lad, thinking he would like to be a soldier, enlisted in the 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment. As regards his military career, we can leave that out of the question, except to mention that it seems to have been satisfactory, for he was granted a month's furlough prior to proceeding abroad with his regiment. After being at home fourteen days, he was walking up the main street when he was suddenly pounced upon by a military patrol. His name, address, and regiment were demanded—and given. And what do you suppose was his offence? He was wearing his overcoat minus the white waistbelt. He explained to the commander of the patrol that he was wearing the belt underneath, and he unbuttoned his coat and showed it. He further explained that the reason he had not the belt on the overcoat was that he had no one at home who could make the two necessary pleats that should accompany the wearing of the belt. That, however, was not a satisfactory reply, so this grave breach of military discipline was reported to headquarters.

In course of post the young soldier received the following communication, which speaks for itself:—

> In consequence of a report having been received of you having been improperly dressed in Bristol, you are herewith informed that your furlough has been cancelled from October 13th, 1910. You will rejoin here before tattoo on that date.
>
> In the event of you not joining as above steps will be taken to report you to the civil police as an absentee

Lieutenant for Captain,
Portsmouth, 11.10.10. Adjutant 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment.

It will be noticed that we have not published the name of the officer who signed this ridiculous document. We must explain that it is not because we wish to hide his identity, but because we are unable to read his signature.

We place this case before the Secretary of State for War, and suggest that the private should be allowed to complete his furlough, and that the officer should be ordered to drop his military duties until such time as he is able to write in a legible manner.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

THE END OF THE ROYAL STANDARD.

(*The last of the old-fashioned music-halls, the Royal Standard, opposite Victoria Station, has passed into the hands of the housebreakers. A modern "Palace" will be erected on its site.*)

The Royal Standard is no more!
Rejoicings marked its fall;
But let no one deplore its fate,
Afraid Lloyd George has wrecked the State—
It was a music-hall.

GONE TO THE DOGS.

(*The estate of the late Miss Lucy Eleanor Constance Thomas, of Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, has been sworn at over twenty-eight thousand pounds. The bulk of the money goes to benefit dogs, cats, and horses.*)

O suffering man in a heartless city,
Seek ye the workhouse—or gaol;
If ye would share in an old maid's pity,
Ye must be born with a tail.

A HINT TO VICTIMS OF AN OLD TRICK.

A Hull advertising agency sends us a letter they have received from a man signing himself as George Wilkins, and giving his address as Parhom, Northcourt Road, Worthing, asking their charge for inserting in two Midland papers the old advertisement addressed to persons desirous of securing posts as stewards and stewardesses on ocean liners. Such persons are requested to write at once for "information" to "Steward," 63, Queen's Road, Brighton. Our correspondents, being a respectable firm, refused to assist in the trick, and, now that the actual address of one of its workers appears to have been ascertained (63, Queen's Road, Brighton, is—as is usual in these cases—no doubt a shop where letters are received for a penny each), victims should be able to take effective steps

LONDON'S NEW EVENING NEWSPAPER.

THE EVENING TIMES.

ONE HALFPENNY.

SEVEN EDITIONS DAILY.

OUT MONDAY NEXT, OCT. 31

On Monday Next, Oct. 31st, every "John Bull" reader in the London area must buy a copy of the "Evening Times."

The "Evening Times" will be an amazing halfpennyworth, well worthy of the "city amongst cities."

The "Evening Times" will be an absolutely fearless and independent Conservative Journal with "no axes to grind." Every issue will interpret and reflect the virile individuality and endearing magic of London.

The "Evening Times" will be produced by a resourceful staff of brilliant men and women. It will be "London's Paper for the People," "London's Paper for the Home," "London's Paper for the City Worker," "London's Paper for the Politician," "London's Paper for the Sport Lover," "London's Paper for the Amusement Seeker," "London's Paper for the Bargain Hunter,"—the "Paper for the Busy or the Leisured."

THE "EVENING TIMES" WILL BE ORIGINAL—IT WILL LEAD.

Its exceptional news service, its exceptional special intelligence in all departments of London's activity, will make the EVENING TIMES

LONDON'S BRIGHTEST & BEST EVENING PAPER.

THE EVENING TIMES.

THE ROT IN TERRITORIALS.

By R. O'T.

One of the chief reasons for the wholesale resignation of Territorial officers is the evil habit of drafting Commanding Officers from the Regulars. They are usually given this job because they have failed in the management of soldiers, but they retain all the prejudices and offensiveness of martinets, and get on even worse when face to face with the susceptibilities of civilians.

The Territorial, being prompted by patriotism to volunteer, and having no idea of making a profitable profession out of his soldiering, requires to be treated with politeness, almost with gratitude. It is, therefore, quite natural that he should become exceedingly peevish when he is harried and hectored and mocked and insulted by some sleek stripling with a thin, drawling voice and an eyeglass. Regulars naturally have to lose their identity, but Territorials expect to be treated as human beings.

For instance, when they have a grievance they expect to be listened to and reasoned with, just as if they were clerks in an office or co-operators in some industrial enterprise. But an officer of Regulars has no patience with a soldier who does not submit sheepishly to every sort of injustice. A Territorial goes to his Commanding Officer to talk over some complaint in a friendly way and is naturally surprised to be met with snubs and sneers. Bad as this system is, however, the trouble has then only begun, for the officer sits down and writes a confidential report condemning him without any chance of appeal.

Moreover, confidential reports are constantly abused, quite apart from cases where complaints have been made. An officer may dislike a man on account of his looks or his manner, or even his opinions; any sort of grudge or irritation is sufficient to inspire a confidential report which damages the patriotic volunteer's chances of advancement. To appeal to the General is always fatal, for the Commanding Officer sees him privately and the whole case is prejudged.

I heard, for instance, of a junior Territorial officer, who was a qualified veterinary surgeon, and permitted himself to point out an obvious blunder to his Commanding Officer. This was regarded as a deadly crime, and no allowance was made for the excellence of the intentions, the result being that an adverse confidential report led to the expert's resignation.

When a man asks for an inquiry he is told, "If you withdraw all allegations and resign no report will be made; otherwise, it will be adverse and your services will be dispensed with." I heard of a man who was turned out in this way after serving for nineteen years.

It should be remembered that Territorials are intended to be of use in the event of foreign invasion. But suppose the Germans had landed and all patriotic persons rushed to the British standard. They would have to be treated on sensible give-and-take principles and would not stand for an instant all the red tape of War Office routine.

"A CROYDON SCANDAL."

CAN THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE PENSION ITS EX-SURVEYOR?

Apropos the article under the above heading published in our issue of October 15th, we understand, upon high legal authority, that the Education Committee have no power to pension the Surveyor to that Committee, whom they found guilty of using certain quantities of their materials for his own purposes, and whose office they have abolished. Nor, we are informed, can the local Education Authority, before whom the matter must come, award him anything.

It appears that the law is, that if an officer's position is abolished *at the time he is transferred*, he may be compensated; the transference from the School Board took place in 1903, when, by accepting a new position, under the new authority, the Surveyor lost all right to compensation, and it cannot be revived. The persons who give the £150 a year render themselves liable to be surcharged, and any ratepayer could put an end to the whole thing by objecting at the audit after the payment had been made, or by applying for an injunction to prevent it being made.

We think this should give pause to the Croydon Education Committee; and we warn the ratepayers to keep an eye on what is being done.

A Clergyman's Wife

Maternity Weakness, Depression—

In the great and noble bond of motherhood, women of all stations proclaim the priceless assistance they have derived from Phosferine both *befors, during and after* maternity. How thoroughly Phosferine enables every mother to meet all demands on her strength, the experience of Mrs. Appleford, a clergyman's wife, clearly reveals. So remarkable was the actual relief, help and comfort Mrs. Appleford derived, that she is most anxious to assure other mothers how they may recuperate their strength and energy as effectually as in her own case. With earnest emphasis, Mrs. Appleford says, "Phosferine has been of the greatest benefit to me the last few months *before my child was born*, and a few doses dispel depression and weakness." Such reliable evidence indicates the tremendous boon Phosferine is in motherhood, banishing the attendant nervous anxieties and physical discomforts.

Easily Avoided and Abolished.

Mrs. M. Appleford, Castle Combe Rectory, Chippenham, writes:—"I shall be much obliged if you will send me a 4/6 bottle of Phosferine, for which I enclose Postal Order. I cannot speak too highly of its strength-giving powers, it has been of the greatest benefit to me the last few months *before my child was born*. I suffered very much from depression of spirits and always found a few doses of Phosferine made me much better and happier. I have recommended it to several friends, and have seen a good result wherever it has been tried, and I should advise anyone suffering from weakness or depression to take a course of Phosferine, and I wish to thank you for producing an article of such great value." *July 11, 1910.*

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Premature Decay	Anæmia
Rheumatism	Maternity Weakness	Malaria
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Sleeplessness
Indigestion	Sciatica	Nervousness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

THE REMEDY OF KINGS.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Command to

To the Royal Family	H.M. the King of Greece
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia	H.M. The King of Spain
H.M. the Queen of Roumania	The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

"PARASITES OF THE DRUG SLAVES."

VIGOROUS RETORT BY A CHEMIST.

Mr. Denys Bailey, of 5, Bond Street, London, writes:—The paragraph "Chemical Camp Followers" is the only one which I propose to answer, as its malicious untruths suggest that the writer knows little or nothing of his subject. I am a chemist of the average experience, and have met the drug fiends known to the medical and pharmaceutical professions. I have never known a chemist pander to their cravings. I have seen several desperate attempts on the part of the drug fiend to obtain even an infinitesimal quantity of his seductive palliative from a chemist who has refused time after time.

I have not yet met the prescription of which "Lop Ear" has been told, which, being marked "not to be repeated more than twice," had on it the stamps of eleven different chemists, but even if I had I might quite possibly have dispensed it with absolute moral justification. Take a suppositious case which, no one will contend is improbable. A man travelling in South Africa or India is attacked with dysentery; he goes to a doctor and receives a prescription for a mixture containing *inter alia* a small quantity of opium. This is marked "not to be repeated more than twice," with the intention on the part of the prescriber not to form the opium habit. The first bottle (or second) relieves the urgent symptoms, and henceforth that prescription is a valuable thing to its owner.

Travelling to various parts of the country he gets a bottle whenever attacked by the troublesome complaint, getting a fresh chemist's stamp on the prescription each time.

The chemist sees a man with no trace of the opium habit, who shows that he is as well aware of the possible danger of over-indulgence in the drug as the doctor himself, and who explains that he only takes a dose at long intervals when attacked by dysentery. If the doctor who wrote the prescription were consulted each time he could raise no reasonable objection to the *occasional* use of this prescription, but would probably take a fee and write a fresh prescription for a similar mixture. The chemist uses his judgment and saves the man another doctor's fee by making up the mixture. This is what he is trained for, and he would be failing in his duty if he refused. Again, "Lop Ear" says, "The chemist sometimes disregards the rule that a prescription containing poison must not be made up a second time without being initialed by the prescriber." Who has been pulling his leg? There is no such rule, no suggestion of such a rule, and no possibility of such a rule.

Will "Lop Ear" state who made this rule? Where it obtains? What is a poison? I have known a person poisoned by eucalyptus oil. Suppose I get a prescription for eucalyptus oil, am I not to repeat it without a doctor's initials on the prescription by way of endorsement? Imagine "Lop Ear's" alleged rule in force! Doctors and chemists would run each other to a standstill. The law permits me to *sell* by *retail* specified dangerous poisons as often as I think fit. Then "Lop Ear" says that "Chemists will press upon you insidious cough mixtures which appeal to morpho-maniacs." Well, inquiry can do no harm on so important a subject, so let JOHN BULL send a man to 50 or 100 chemists for a cough mixture which the chemist recommends, employ an analyst to estimate the alkaloids of morphine in each and publish the result to make good the lie, as which I stigmatise this statement of "Lop Ear," your contributor.

The result will be that no quantity of morphia or its derivatives will be found in any single dose which would satisfy the craving of a morpho-maniac for 10 seconds, if at all.

Other chemists write in a similar strain.

BUCHANAN'S
Scotch Whisky

"BLACK & WHITE."

IF you have not tried a QUARTER-SIZE collar, do so now.

'Summits' are made in quarter-sizes—four sizes to the inch: you choose a size to fit your shirtband snugly and securely, and to stay so all day. ¶ Write for the 'Summit' booklet, now.

The shape illustrated is Summits 35

SIX *for Three shillings*: samples 6½d.: we pay postage.

Depths 1½in., 1¾in., 2in. and in all sizes.

AUSTIN REED Ltd.

Three CITY shops: 13 Fenchurch Street, 5 St. Mary Axe, 157a Cheapside · LONDON

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Once fitted, always fitted.

362—22/6

The Lotus enterprise is entirely British and organized to give purchasers a first-class fit in thoroughly reliable boots and shoes. The size that yields the comfort and appearance desired is best ascertained by trying on Lotus at the local agency.

Lotus are British

The makers of Lotus boots were awarded the Grand Prix at the Brussels Exhibition this year. Write LOTUS, STAFFORD, for their Autumn catalogue and address of the Lotus agent in your district. 21 Lotus sizes for men and 33 for women.

654—22/6

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Over 560 agents in London and Provinces.

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Remember that the agent in your district can get the Lotus boots you prefer by return of post from the factory if not in his stock. Write for catalogue illustrating all sizes for men and women. Once fitted, always fitted.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Grace" at the Duke of York's Theatre.

"Oh, tell me what to do; for pity's sake tell me what to do! I have sinned. I have been faithless to my husband, but try to understand me, I didn't care for him *before;* but *now* I love Claude with all my strength and soul, and the torture of this daily life is killing me—I cannot bear it any longer. Margaret Gann committed suicide for far less a sin than mine. Am I to live on like this? Help me, I implore you—tell me what to do!" sobs "Grace" piteously.

"Unburden your mind, confess the truth, tell your husband everything, and he will forgive you," urges the preacher of God's Gospel. Then the other woman, more up to date in views than the man—the woman who has loved Claude all her days—comes in and tells "Grace" to pause before she does such an infamous piece of work. "No, you must never let him know. Think of his opinion of you, remember what you are to him. Hide your crime—go on hiding it till the end—never let him find it out—that is the one great error you will make if you unveil your secret, and show yourself as you really are, a soiled and tainted thing. Sin, yes, sin, and sin on, but if you repent you're a blooming fool," declares Miss Vernon of Foley with blunt and undisguised frankness in words to this effect.

And the woman conquers—and it is thus that Somerset Maugham seeks to illustrate (rightly or wrongly, who shall say?) the somewhat démodé theory that woman was only born to suffer, and go on suffering until the crack of doom.

But it is not a nice story that the author has to tell, it is not a pleasant lesson he tries to teach. The poor flighty little keeper's daughter, betrayed by a scoundrel, is tracked down, and according to the ancient Somersetshire custom, her father is given notice to quit within twenty-four hours unless he gets rid of his child, for no one who has "gone oft the rails" is allowed to remain on the Squire's estate. Therefore, to save her parent from the workhouse, Margaret kills herself. But the honoured, cherished wife, who has deceived her lawful husband, lives on to be tortured with paroxysms of conscience. Somehow, though you feel "Grace" will soon forget her faithlessness—and perhaps even repeat the dose, for there is just that tone of sincerity lacking in the character that it ought to possess, Irene Vanbrugh's performance, clever as it may be, never once appeals to your heart—you have no sympathy for her—all your compassion is for Margaret and her aged father "Gann," the gamekeeper.

Lady Tree plays the part of "Marquise de St. Maur" in "Caste" type. In fact a good many of the lines spoken by Mrs. Insole remind me of those Tom Robertson put into the mouth of his old lady years ago—especially when the names of people are referred to.

"Gerridge?" says the Marquise with a shudder, when her son presents the brother-in-law to his mother. "The name sets one's teeth on edge—there never was a Gerridge!"

"Lewis?" ejaculates Mrs. Insole, with distended nostrils and elevated eyebrows, when she is introduced to a young lady staying in her son's home, etc., etc.

Arthur Wontner is a distinctly wood-pigeon species of lover—always on the peck—and ready to babble nonsense into the ear of any woman who will listen to him. His attentions are never honourable, but his company is apparently much in demand.

In conclusion, then, I doubt if "Grace" is the kind of play that will be popularly upheld by the "thick-and-thin" supporters of the drama.

"Count Hannibal" at the New Theatre.

Welcome back to you, dear Oscar Asche and lovely Lily Brayton, but why have you returned so noisily and in darkness? Never in my life have I sat through such hours of hubbub and hullabaloo, as at the New Theatre last week. It was ear-splitting. What with the shouts, the yells, the "thunder of fire" and the deafening roar that came from the crowds, whether on or off the stage, my head ached with the din.

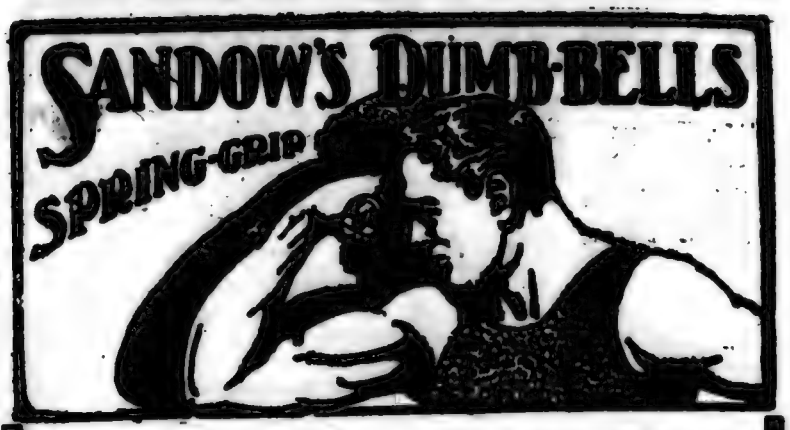
And what may this "romantic play" be about, please? I don't know now! I have faint recollections of a big, blustering fellow smacking a very harmless lady in a most ungentlemanly manner across her pretty face with his glove because she wouldn't kiss him—a beautiful young man vowing perpetual vengeance on somebody or other, but never succeeding in accomplishing his designs—the curtain bobbing up and down every few minutes and the scenes being presented in a confusion of nebulous lights that rendered anything you might possibly have understood quite unintelligible.

When I go to the play I do want to *see* what is going on, and not be left outside in fogland to guess things for myself.

We have had the natural school of subdued acting in the theatre when nobody could hear, and it failed dismally.

Are we to have a course of *demi-jour* lighting effects with which to "blot out" the faces of actors and actresses, and are we to strain our eyes to bursting point to try to get a glimpse of them?

What is the use of it? Surely there is a limit to these experiments. Who wants to go to the play to be plunged in Cimmerian gloom? The streets outside are grey enough; for goodness sake give us light and brightness inside, particularly in our theatres.



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We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of John Bull in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, one Pair of Sandow's world-famous Spring Grip Dumb-bells.

For Seven Days' Free Trial

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

THIS CHART CONTAINS ONE MONTH'S INITIATORY COURSE OF EXERCISES, SUITABLE FOR THE AVERAGE MAN OR YOUTH, AND IT HAS BEEN CAREFULLY PREPARED BY MR. SANDOW FOR PRESENTATION AND USE WITH EVERY PAIR OF THE GRIP DUMB-BELLS.

EVERYONE WHO WISHES TO KEEP PHYSICALLY FIT AND PREVENT SUCH ILLNESSES AS INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, INSOMNIA, SHOULD IMMEDIATELY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF TESTING THE WONDERFULL RESULTS DERIVED FROM THE USE OF THE DUMB-BELLS.

Fill in Coupon and return to us, and we will despatch, post-paid to your door, the dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each—equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months. If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 37, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....1910.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return, for Free Trial, one pair* of your

Gentleman's Spring Grip Dumb-bells	at	12/6	Suitable any age 18 and upwards.
Youths'	"	"	"	10/6	14 to 18.
Ladies'	"	"	"	10/6	16 upwards.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

Free Trial Coupon.....

*Please cross out sizes not required.

Hidden Gold!

In this Article the writer briefly shews how the subject of wealth, or its pursuit, has inspired the great romances of past and present authors, proving that the theme is one which makes a powerful appeal to human nature.

ALL the great romances have dealt, one way and another, with gold—hidden gold, buried gold or the pursuit of wealth. The fascination of the theme has been proved by such novels—varied in character as they are—as "King Solomon's Mines," "Treasure Island," "The Count of Monte Cristo," etc. It is because wealth possesses such potential power that novelists so often make it the subject of their romances.

The subject of wealth has inspired the finest imaginative works of past and present writers, and so long as the world goes on it will be so. Life is valueless without ambition; ambition so often means power; and power almost inevitably implies money. Money, therefore, is the great lever in life.

Money is now often made merely by a stroke of the pen. But the secret of making money is what it always was—the use of opportunity. Even to recover buried treasure you must have the opportunity of digging it up. You must know where it is buried.

Hence, when you are told that clients of the National Share Exchange make money—they have received nearly half-a-million (**£500,000**) within a few years—you realise they must have had the opportunity. They have. So have you. Your opportunity is as good as their's was. Below is a coupon. Fill it in and post it. You will then learn how others have made money and how you may. You place yourself under no obligation to go further. But our system for clients has proved itself

MONEY IS MADE NOWADAYS BY THE SIMPLE STROKE OF A PEN.

Fill in and Post this Coupon Immediately.

TO THE SECRETARY, NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £427,150 to clients.

J.B. 29/10/10

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(State Rev. Mr. Mrs. Miss or Title).

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

DATE..... .....
(Please write distinctly).

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THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

BRANCH REPORTS.

BIRMINGHAM.—A well-attended meeting was held at Highfield Road Schools, Saltley, on Monday evening, October 17th. As at previous meetings held by the Branch, the proceedings commenced with a series of selections on the great Pathephone, which were highly appreciated. The John Bull League Song was finely rendered by Mr. Hubert A. Wragge, who also got an encore for his song "The Trumpeter." Mr. F. Skett had a great reception, and his rendering of "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," from "The Gondoliers," established him at once in the favour of the audience. Miss E. Lovett gave two pleasing items and received a well-deserved encore. Mr. Sidney Albert was again a great success, and Mr. Bert Forss carried his audience with him in his fine rendering of "Devil May Care," "The Student," etc. Mr. J. Dunn ably presided at the piano. The Central Secretary dealt enthusiastically with the objects of the League, and in the interval the stewards collected a large number of forms signed by members of the audience anxious to be enrolled.

SHEFFIELD.—A Public Meeting will be held in the Montgomery Hall on Thursday next, November 3rd. Amongst the speakers will be Councillor Ross Clyne, the Chairman of the Manchester and Salford Branch. A high-class musical entertainment will be provided, and members are cordially invited to bring their friends. The chair will be taken by Dr. R. H. Wilson, Vice-Chairman of the Sheffield Branch.

MANCHESTER.—We are pleased to receive splendid accounts of Councillor Ross Clyne's Election Campaign. It would appear that he is carrying all before him, and, despite the influence of his opponent, the Chairman of the Watch Committee, his return is confidently anticipated. He has been inundated with offers of assistance from members of the League, who keenly appreciate his work on its behalf. His meetings have been of a most enthusiastic description, large numbers having to be turned away.

(*For application form, see page 678.*)

"JOHN BULL'S" Christmas Presents.

Unique Scheme of Distribution.

The circulation of JOHN BULL is gradually, but very surely, making its way to the record figure of

ONE MILLION COPIES WEEKLY.

We want to accomplish that feat by the end of the present year—or, at the very latest, by the end of May next, when the journal will be five years old.

Will you help us? There is no limit to the ways in which you can do so. You may pass your copy on to a friend, when you have read it, with a recommendation to take us regularly in future; you may buy a second, or even a third or fourth copy, and send it to some acquaintance who may not at present be amongst our readers; you may leave a copy in the train, or the tram, or the 'bus; you may introduce us to your colleagues in the office, the shop, the factory; you may talk about us at home, in the restaurant, at parties, at meetings; you may quote us in your letters; in fact, you may, if you will, become our constant friend and canvasser. That is, of course, if you like us. If you don't, then you may blackguard us and curse us, up hill and down dale, and warn all your friends against us. That is equally effective.

Now, we are not of an ungrateful disposition. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and one good turn deserves another. We *must* have that Million Circulation. Well, *Christmas is coming*, and ON CHRISTMAS EVE WE WILL DISTRIBUTE

£2,000 Worth of Presents

AMONGST THOSE READERS WHO HAVE HELPED US MOST.

We leave the method entirely to them. All we ask them to do is to send us, from time to time, one of the Coupons which will be found below, acquainting us of what they are doing. We shall then carefully collate and examine the Coupons, and apportion the Presents—which will consist of *FIVE-POUND NOTES, POSTAL ORDERS, WATCHES, BICYCLES, CIGARS, TURKEYS, AND ALL KINDS OF OTHER USEFUL AND SEASONABLE THINGS.*

To be entitled to participate in the Distribution, all you have to do is to push our sales, *in your own way*, between now and

DECEMBER 20th,

and to send in, *not later than that date*—AND AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE IN THE MEANTIME—in an envelope addressed to "The Editor, JOHN BULL, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.," and marked in the left-hand corner, "Christmas Present Distribution"—*one* of the Coupons printed below. There is no necessity to cut out the subjoined coupon before passing the copy on to a friend, as one coupon sent from time to time will suffice for a general report.

We cannot enter into correspondence with individual readers respecting this scheme, nor can we send parcels of specimen copies for distribution by competitors.

Coupon.—Christmas Present Distribution.

I have assisted to bring the circulation of JOHN BULL up to *One Million Copies* in the following manner:

Here describe what you have done, as shortly as possible.

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None to Equal

THE

"British & Best"

Not a question of ingenious argument but a matter for proof. TRY for yourself: send 2d. stamps for trial sample of "Erasmic." Money refunded if not satisfied.

WHAT COULD BE FAIRER?

Erasmic

SHAVING STICK

THE ERASMIC Co. Ltd. (Dept K), WARRINGTON.

£4 in Pocket.

Messrs. Achille Serre, Ltd.,
White Post Lane,
Hackney Wick, N.E.

October 10th, 1910

Dear Sirs,

I was more than surprised when on receiving my old overcoat back on Friday, I found that it had every appearance of having only just come from the tailors. When I sent it to you I did so in a gambling spirit, thinking, anyway, 3/6 is only a small sum to speculate upon such an old coat, and if you could only clean it so as to make it wearable in the worst of weather I should not be out of pocket. But you have now saved me the trouble of buying a new overcoat, so I am for all practical purposes £4 in pocket. So pleased I am with the good work you have done, that I am sending a suit of clothes with this communication for you to clean. Kindly treat these with your usual care.

Yours faithfully,
F. B.

Let us clean YOUR Overcoat or Suit—you can have it back in four days.

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A Tobacco Discovery

NYASA

Smoking Mixture

The superb new Tobacco from Nyasaland, British Central Africa, especially remarkable for COOL SMOKING, AROMATIC FLAVOUR, and FREE BURNING. It possesses exceptionally fine qualities, and has delighted everyone who has smoked it—you will like it.

TRY IT.

per 5D. oz.

Or in Cartridges—Packets containing 14 ..... 5½d.

NYASA Cigarettes

3d. per packet of 10

If you have any difficulty in obtaining NYASA Smoking Mixture, send a postcard to the manufacturers for addresses of the nearest tobacconists who sell it. Made solely by

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Continued success of our exceptional offer to "John Bull" Readers of a 3-Guinea Raincoat for 35/-.

Now that "John Bull" readers are realising what an exceptional opportunity is presented by our offer, we are selling more "Wetresista" Raincoats every day.

The "Wetresista" is made from woollen-proofed material, so fine in quality that it keeps out the heaviest rain and never gees out of shape. You can pay 3 and 4 guineas in the West End for similar coats, but as this is an introductory offer, you can get a "Wetresista" for 35/.

Cut, Fit and Style guaranteed.

"WETRESISTA" TRADE MARK No 320,430

Send P.O. or Cheque for 35/ and Sample Coat will be forwarded carriage paid to any part of England, and **Money Returned** if not approved. Simply send length of Coat and Colour desired, also chest measurement over vest.

Obtainable only from the SOLE MAKERS.

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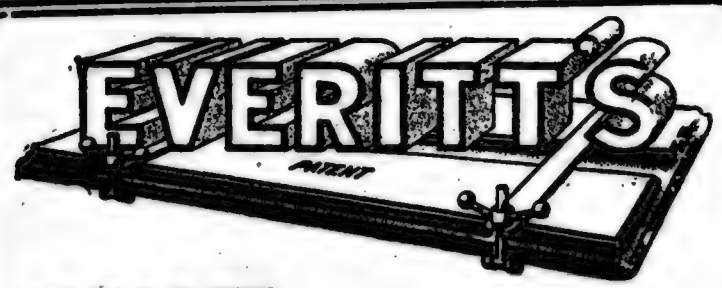

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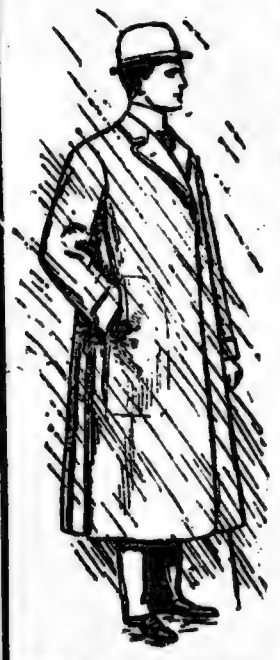
The only Rubberless Raincoat with a Guarantee.



"If your 'Omne Tempus' fails to keep out the rain, we will take it back."

This guarantee appears on a label hanging from every "Omne Tempus" coat; in this respect "Omne Tempus" is unique. Moreover, it is not a cold and clammy linen-like fabric, but a comfortable close-woven tweed suitable for present weather — to all appearances an ordinary coating.

If you cannot call and see "Omne Tempus" ranges, we should like to send you patterns and a copy of our book "*Something New under the Rain*"; also a selection of coats if desired.

Ready for wear 45/- or to measure.

Solely obtainable from

SAMUEL BROTHERS, Ltd.

65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., or their Country Agents.

(List on request.) Established 80 years.

Ladies' Omne Tempus, 42/-; Boys' or Girls' from 26/6.

now, Sir!

Why do you stick in a groove when there is a certain way out—a road to better position and better pay? Men like you have entered the Electrical profession with splendid results, and there is room for plenty more good men.

We have proof that places the matter beyond the region of doubt. Write for our FREE book "How to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer." We train you in the following:—

Complete Electrical Engineering Course,
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Dynamo Tender's Course, etc., etc.

Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction,

33, Norwich House, Southampton Street, Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Wouldn't Concealiation Conference be a better name?
Aren't "exceptions" being taken to Mr. Redmond's Home "Rule"?
What are Sir John Simon's opinions?
Will change for a sovereign make Portugal better off?
Oughtn't King Alfonso to study the art of "aviation"?
What would Lloyd George do without "the idle rich"?
Can they be called "the idle rich" now that they have Form IV. to fill up?
Is Lieutenant Sutor going to leave the Army—alone?
Isn't Mr. Wellman rather a sick man now?
Has the Suffragette "movement" stopped?
Shouldn't it be called the "long-Wyler" law suit?
Why wasn't Hall Caine at the Advertising Conference at Olympia?
Dare you go home without a copy of MRS. BULL?

"The Shop-Soiled Girl," is the name of a new play. A counter-attraction to "The Bad Girl," we pressume.

Scotsmen are said to make the finest constables. Certainly they can be relied on to hold their own.

"Education is, after all, the greatest of levellers," says Mr. Runciman, M.P. Yes, many people have been "floored" by it.

"Grammaphone Services in Church," we read. Only another form of mechanical worship.

"Fatal Quarrel Over a Moustache," reads a headline. But it wasn't between two women, after all.

"The best help which can be given to anybody is to help him to help himself," says Mr. T. Barnes. But few require help in this direction.

"Melody in Brass," we read. No doubt, unless you happen to get hold of a "wrong note."

The Greenwich constable who said he "heard footmarks inside the house," must have very long ears.

The real chocolate soldiers vended at the Lyric Theatre will doubtless take part in many an engagement.

"A man at 49 with a character can get work," says Judge Bacon. But it depends on the character.

Salts won a race at Nottingham recently. Evidently the animal got to work at once.

"Portmanteau Explosion," says a heading. Did the owner go off with it?

Feeding-bottles may now be obtained on some of our trains, but the idea that the cow-catcher is utilised to fill them is erroneous.

"King" Pataud, secretary of the Paris Electricians' Trade Union, is setting up as a wine merchant. Hitherto he has only been in the "whine" business.

"Tenor Strikes Conductor," we read. How bass.

Apropos an *Express* heading: "Washing in Soda-water," a lisping member of our staff remarked that it sounded "whisky."

A morning paper has an article on the "Kaiser as Trust Maker." What of his *dis*trust making ability?

The eight pickpockets who were recently arrested in an omnibus are convinced the vehicle was a trap.

"Cricket creates the best of good fellowship," says Lord Hawke. But aren't cricketers frequently put out?

"The Beautiful Miss," is the name of a new Italian operetta. We hope it will prove a "hit."

The late "Prophet" Baxter left over fifty thousand pounds. There are two ways of spelling "prophet."

An American judge defines the hobble skirt as "a pair of trousers with one leg." But there are two legs in it.

The Bolton "ghost" which throws heavy stones about must be the shade of a defunct railway porter.

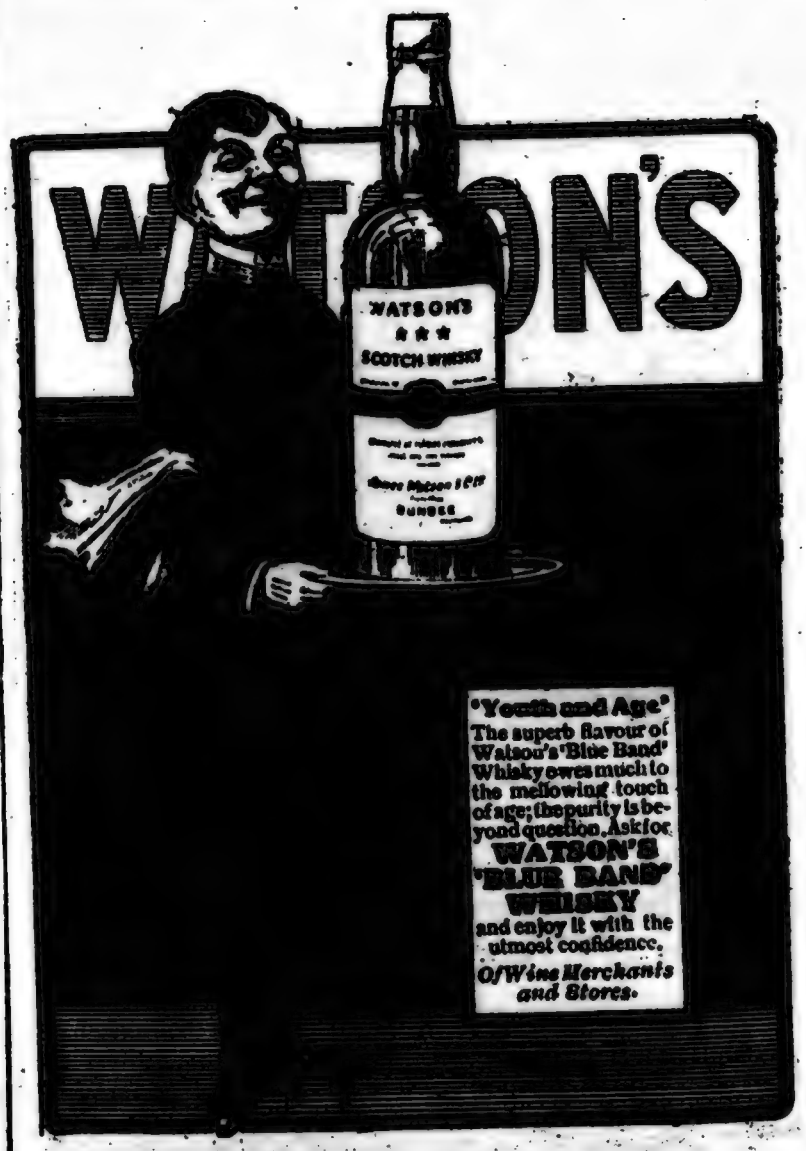
"Grace," is the name of a new play. We trust those who go to see it may be "truly thankful."

"Fourteen Guineas for an Apple," reads a headline. Dear, dear!

Very Crooked won a race at Newcastle. It went well "in the straight."

BOOKS TO BE SHELVED:—
"Justice." The sentences are too long.
"On Something." Good.
"A Book of Discoveries." The author should have persevered.
"The Pursuit." A catchy story.
"Howard's End." Not bad.
"Brass." Shows some polish.
"The Flame." Light reading.
"Better Times." Supplies a long-felt want.
"Here and There." Good, here and there.
"Light Refreshment." Not very satisfying.
"Stocks and Shares." Gilt-edged.
"Routledge Rides Alone." Apparently a walk-over.
"Collars Pie." Will be eagerly devoured.

Rain Positively Rolls Off
THE NEW WATERPROOF
COAT IS THE "SALUTAQUA."
It contains No Rubber Solution of any kind, yet is absolutely Water-resisting, Air-Free and Odourless.
These coats are now being sold all over the world by CURZON BROS., the Great International Tailors.
However heavy the rain, it never penetrates "Salutaqua" garments.
Let us supply you with one of these Coats, invaluable for driving, riding, fishing, shooting, motoring, and equally suitable for town wear.
Price 30/- to Measure
IF YOU ARE DISSATISFIED WE RETURN YOUR MONEY.
IF IT'S IN A CURZON ADVT. IT IS SO.
Send a post card for a set of the "Salutaqua" patterns, fashion-plates, and simple self-measurement system, by which a fit is assured, no matter where you live.
Ask specially for "Salutaqua" Fabrics when writing.
CURZON BROS. The World's Measure Tailors.
Sample Section— 58E, 59, 62. CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.
Please mention this paper.


WATSON'S
WATSON'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
"Youth and Age"
The superb flavour of Watson's 'Blue Band' Whisky owes much to the mellowing touch of age; the purity is beyond question. Ask for
WATSON'S 'BLUE BAND' WHISKY
and enjoy it with the utmost confidence.
Of Wine Merchants and Stores.

THE QUEENS OF MUSICAL COMEDY HAVE SUNG.

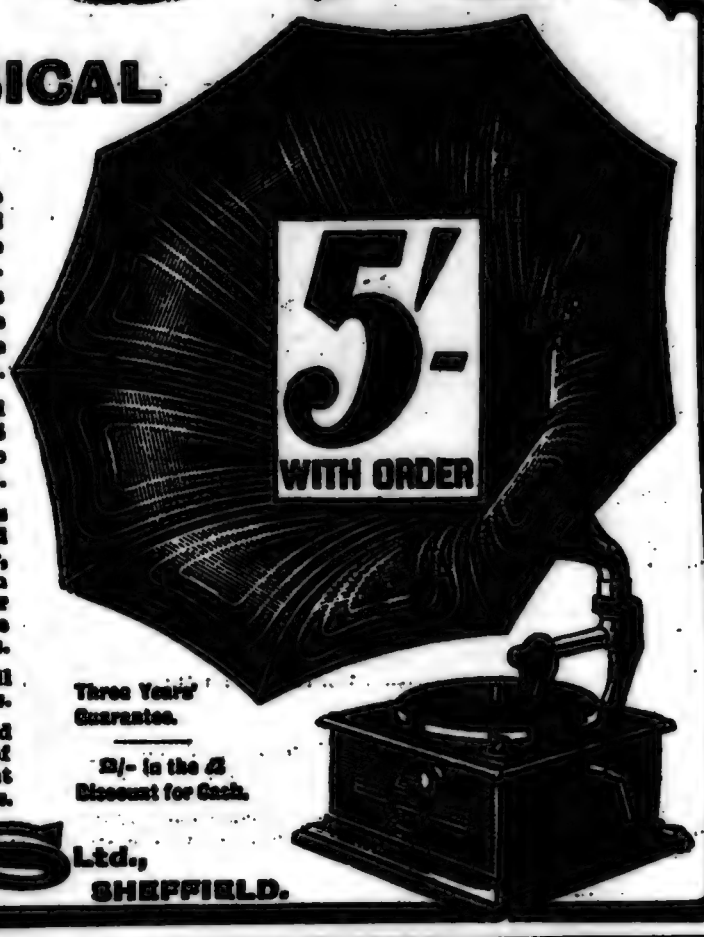
In your Home Gramophone Concerts you may enjoy the greatest successes of the most charming and accomplished Musical Comedy Artistes, the finest performances of the World's greatest Bands and Orchestras, the noblest compositions of the GREAT COMPOSERS, the jests and drollaries of the favourite fun makers, the popular songs of the great Star Artistes and everything worth hearing may be enjoyed with your family and friends at your own fireside.

WE DELIVER our new perfected "CORONAPHONE" complete with all Accessories and 10 Superb DISC RECORD SELECTIONS to all approved orders for 5/- with order and your promise to pay the balance by nine monthly payments of 5/- if you are satisfied with machine.

THIS MAGNIFICENT GRAMOPHONE which is our own exclusive speciality is absolutely up-to-date, and contains every modern improvement. Solid Oak Cabinet polished to a fine piano finish, powerful silent Steel Motor, finely proportioned Tone Arm, solid 16in. Turntable, large Round Horn handsomely decorated, and powerful and highly sensitive Reproducer which will do justice to the most exquisite solos and reproduce the full band and orchestra selections with complete accuracy and perfect effect.

CATALOGUE FREE Send a Post Card for our new Catalogue containing all styles & prices of both Needle & Sapphire Machines on Easy Monthly Terms.

GRAND RECORD OFFER Every Talking Machine Owner should send for our Extraordinary Offer of Needle Disc Records arranged in complete programmes of 20 magnificent Selections for 2/6 with order and your promise of Easy Monthly Payments.



Three Years' Guarantee.

2/- in the £ Discount for Cash.

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BETTER PENCILS

are needed by men who can't be bothered with bad leads. "VENUS" Pencils are smoothest-writing, non-breaking and last longest.

Price 4d. each, 5/6 dozen, of all Stationers.

American Pencil Co., 22, Lower Clapton, London, N.E.

Send 2d. for Samples.

VENUS PERFECT PENCILS.

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Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

The Famous NATURAL Aperient Water

PEOPLE ENTITLED TO MONEY UNDER WILLS, SETTLEMENTS, CHANCERY, ETC.

How to raise money on every description of interest under wills or settlements, however contingent or remote, without recourse to moneylenders.

CALL OR WRITE FOR EXPLANATORY BOOKLET.

THE ESTATES, LIFE INTEREST, & REVERSIONARY AGENCY,
10 & 11, Belfast Chambers, 156, Regent Street, W.,
Telephone 5952 Gerrard. (Entrance, Beak Street.)

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES ?

BEDSTEADS.

Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood of every description. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, &c., &c. Furniture—Bedroom and General. All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home—saving middle profits. Full Price Lists Post Free. Estab. 1889.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 5, Moor St., Birmingham.
Please mention "JOHN BULL" when writing for lists.

Old False Teeth Bought. Send any you have to sell; utmost value given by largest firm.—R. D. & J. B. Fraser, Ltd. (Desk 4b), Princes Street, Ipswich. (Established 1833).

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only* THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" materiel, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The Editor *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

J. H. W. (Glasgow).—You are quite right. The Post Office in question was not staffed by the open competitive examination clerks, and we are sorry if we have caused them any annoyance.

E. M. S. (Broadstairs) sends us a headline from *Lloyd's Weekly News*, stating "Dom Manoel leaves his lost kingdom in a fishing boat." What a careless boy!

D. W. G. (Sydenham) bought an excursion ticket from Faversham to Penge, including admission to the Crystal Palace, walked over from Penge to Sydenham, and was then told that his ticket would admit him only at the Penge entrance. As he did not want another walk, he had to pay over again. Oh, for a business management of places of entertainment!

T. W. (Southwick) says that the blind man who read the Scriptures on Brighton front at the end of the West Pier, was moved on because he had become an annoyance to a gentleman who rented one of the arches close by. We are always very sorry for blind people, but we think it is a mistaken kindness to encourage them to read the Scriptures in a loud, monotonous voice in the open air. As to the habits of the people who live in the arches, we do not quite see their connection with the case. Even if they are sinners, they are entitled to be protected against nuisances.

D. C. (Leytonstone) received a Christmas present of some sweets from us last year, and writes to reiterate his gratitude, though he assures us several times over "I am not in want of nothing." This, however, is just a little bit ambiguous. We must look into our lucky bag when the time comes.

Mr. Arthur Gee, of "The Dènes," Broughton Park, Manchester, tells us that the scurrilous attack on the Union Jack, upon which we commented, was made by himself, and not by his brother, who is the Socialist candidate. On the whole, we prefer his brother.

A. H. (Isle of Wight).—"*Je m'emploie de mon mieux à augmenter la vente de 'John Bull' dans l'île, et je ne serais point etonné que cette vente ait augmenté depuis trois mois je m'en suis tout particulièrement occupé.*" *Nos salutations; remerciments aussi.*

The Rev. Dr. Cobb, the Vicar of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, informs us that he neither draws a big salary nor has a curate—which will certainly be news to most people.

G. D. M. (British Columbia) took us out on a hunting expedition the other day and "pinned us on the trunk of a tree 5,000 ft. above the sea level and 20 miles from the nearest people." What a crowd there must be round that tree by now!

A. M. S. (New Zealand) thinks that distant readers ought not to be debarred from participation in the good things we offer in the way of Christmas Presents, canvassing schemes, etc. Neither do we, but how is it *to* be done?

J. H. (South Woodford).—There is no necessity for us to comment on the recent legal appointments, *after* they have been made, as we dealt with them all beforehand.

J. H. R. (Swalwell) warns readers against a man living in Essex Road, Islington, who sends what he calls guinea cases of Christmas cards to newsagents without giving warning or asking leave, then pretends they have been ordered, and finally threatens County Court proceedings. Oh! for an hour of King John.

H. T. (Redruth) sends particulars of the Leedstown United Methodists' Harvest Festival, and objects to the publication of particulars about vegetables which were sent in. He does not think it nice to try to make capital out of the advertisement of offerings to "the Giver of all good things." But commerce has never been entirely divorced from religion.

"Mere Lights" (Troutbridge) says the Great Western Railway can give the French points for bad lighting and general mismanagement. He went on an excursion packed "like sardeans." When he complained about the absence of light he was told that he was lucky to get any at all. "Well," he says, "I endured the darkness for three hours but the wourst is to come, as the Seat Got so wet and the stench very bad. Haveing my wife with me and a female friend I was disgusted sir you can rely on this being the trouth." We take his word for it.

"A Fireman of the L. & N.W.R." is scarcely more complimentary. He says that when the French driver was asked why he did not apply his emergency brake, he answered that it was out of order. It appears that the engines of the L.N.W.R. have emergency brakes, but that they are useless, as they have no power to stop the engine. Evidently, railway passengers have to trust to luck a good deal more than they imagine. But after all, we cannot always be worrying about possible or impossible accidents. Even if we avoid railway trains altogether, there is always the chance of being crushed by an aeroplane.

"Irish" favours us with a number of theories about the nationality of St. Patrick, thus showing how wise we were to keep out of the controversy.

E. M. M. (Paddington) complains of some Fulham people who go about taking photographs and collecting money. After seven weeks no photographs have been extracted. There seem to be many forgetful photographers on the prowl, especially during the manœuvres.

"Painter" (Paddington) has written a pantomime in twelve scenes, but has no money to produce it. He has "nine throats to paint with bread and butter," and he fears that his ideas will be stolen if he submits the precious document to a manager. Indeed, he says, "I see a red light." This sounds as though he were on his way to the doctor.

J. F. S. (Dorking) has been excited by one of our "polite letter-writers," and says: "I have signed my name and added my address in case he should feel inclined to plant two seeds of love in each eye, inflate my nose beyond its normal size, and inspire me with the consolation of purchasing a new set of teeth, with the prospect of a hurried transit to a warm country spelt with four letters." Evidently a pessimist.

E. A. S. (Brook Green) denies that tradesmen encourage vice among young women who "live in." He offers to pay five guineas to each of three charities if we will mention one guilty firm. Otherwise he thinks we ought to apologise for a recent picture. But why should we pillory any particular firm when so many are on our Black List?

"Australian" writes that, if he were we, he would rather receive "polite letters than many jewels." We welcome both.

(*Continued on page 698.*)

A Message to all Rheumatic Sufferers.

ELECTRICITY OFFERS A CURE.

Who does not know those grinding, unbearable pains of Rheumatism, Sciatica, or Lumbago? This common complaint knows no distinction of age, sex, or class. The cause of the trouble is still a matter of debate amongst medical men, and one of the first in which it was discovered that electricity has an astonishing and permanent effect. The names of medical men who have associated themselves with the electric treatment of the disease are a guarantee in themselves; and should induce all such sufferers to seek relief in the electric cure.

Dr. Mitchell Bruce is one of the greatest authorities on this disease. He says that the use of the continuous galvanic current in cases of Muscular Rheumatism occasionally dispels the pain and stiffness almost immediately.

Dr. Erb tells us "the cure of Muscular Rheumatism certainly belongs to the most hopeful province of Electro Therapeutics."

Dr. Karl Nordhorst, of Wiesbaden, reports on 71 cases in which he tried electrical treatment, and out of which there was not one patient who did not derive considerable benefit from it, and only five who were not completely cured at the time of making the report.

"In chronic and sub-acute forms of joint trouble, whether rheumatic, rheumatoid, or gouty," writes Dr. W. S. Hedley, "and in muscular conditions having a similar origin, the usefulness of electrical treatment seems to lie (first) in the power of removing inflammatory products by the quickening of the circulation and dilatation of the blood-vessels that follow localised applications; (second) in the stimulant and alternative effect upon general nutrition of generalised electrical applications."

Dr. W. E. Steavenson gives in the *Lancet* particulars of sixty cases of Sciatica treated, of which thirty-seven were cured, eleven improved, one had a return, and was cured a second time, two did not improve, and the remaining cases were uncertain at the time the report appeared. This gives a fair notion of the percentage of good to be had from electricity.

Speaking of Gout, Dr. Rockwell, in his work, "Medical and Surgical Uses of Electricity," says: "With some gouty patients the electrical treatment acts so decidedly that we are disposed to resort to it during the subsidence of each attack to relieve pain and hasten recovery."

It can be seen that the electrical treatment of Rheumatism is not a new thing or an experiment. Its repeated and remarkable success proves it to be a certainty. The most convenient and effective means known for applying the current is the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. This is an entirely new treatment, the battery being capable of generating a current of great volume continually, with no charging or preparation whatever. It will cure any case of Rheumatism that will yield to electricity.

The "Ajax" Battery is most popular among those who have tried it. It made a remarkable cure in the case of Miss E. Elford, 4, Church Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset. She says: "The 'Ajax' Battery has done me more good than anything I have ever tried. I am better than I have been for eight years. I feel strengthened altogether. Mine was a very obstinate case of Rheumatoid Arthritis. I might have been a cripple by now; in fact, I had spent over £70 in medicine."

It cures Sciatica also. "I was first under the doctor, but found no benefit whatever. I am thankful to say that, after three weeks' use of the battery, I was able to walk three miles, and now I can say I am entirely free from the pains, and in good health, without taking any medicine whatever."—W. Ash, Fore Street, Heavitree, Exeter.

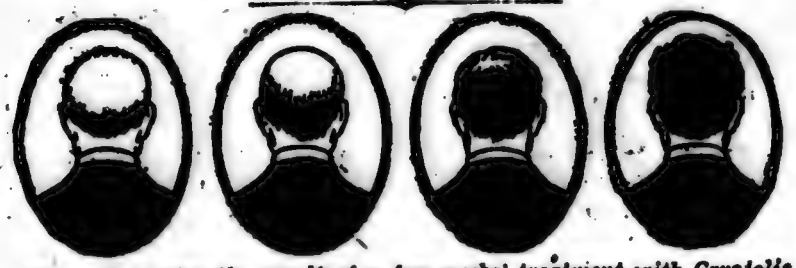
"Electricity: The Road to Health," is the title of an eighty-page book, telling all about Rheumatism and many other troubles, and pointing out a means by which they can be cured. It is full of good reading matter, and backed by many doctors' opinions. Any reader of John Bull can have it without one penny cost by writing direct to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. It will be sent you at once in a plain, sealed envelope, and the advice of a specialist will be given you also.—Advt.

GREW NEW HAIR IN 30 DAYS.

Remarkable Result of the New Hair Grower Crystolis Causes Big Stir Among Hair Specialists.

ACTUALLY GROWS HAIR AND CORRECTS ALL SCALP AND HAIR TROUBLES.

Prove it Yourself by Cutting Out and Posting the Free Coupon Below To-Day.



This illustrates the result of a few weeks' treatment with Crystolis

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Crystolis, for growing new hair and restoring it to its natural colour. It acted more like a miracle than a toilet preparation," said a well-known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his hair. "I began to think there was nothing on earth that could make my hair grow. I tried Hair-drills, tonics, Bay rum, grease, oil, and almost everything else you could think of. But without results. I had been bald for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way, as my father was entirely bald at 34. Finally I read about the remarkable results being obtained by the use of Crystolis, so I decided to try it for myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I look at least 20 years younger, and best of all, Crystolis brought about the transformation in just 30 days' time."

Crystolis is a powerful promoter of hair growth. Since its discovery—a little over a year ago—it has been found to contain marvellous properties for producing a new growth of hair. In subjecting it to various tests in the worst cases of baldness, dandruff, itching scalp, etc., the results obtained by the experimenting chemists were considered almost miraculous. In every case it was found that where there were any hair roots left it would produce a new and luxuriant growth of hair in from four to six weeks' time. Grey or faded hair was often restored to its natural colour in from 10 to 14 days' time. In minor cases of scalp and hair diseases such as dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp, etc., it was found that these unnatural conditions were corrected and often completely cured by two or three applications. The discovery will, without doubt, put an end to the troublesome scalp and hair diseases that are becoming so common with the British people. Women who have been forced into wearing false hair will greatly welcome this marvellous product, as, apart from its many other virtues, it adds a beautiful gloss and lustre to the old hair. Besides, it contains no oil and has a tendency to make the hair light and fluffy. Arrangements have been made with the laboratories where Crystolis is distributed from to furnish free information in regard to this new process to all "JOHN BULL" readers. Merely cut out and send in the coupon below, and you will receive free particulars of their marvellous new product by return of post.

Baldness, Dandruff, Itching Scalp, &c.

FREE CRYSTOLIS COUPON.

Cut out this coupon to-day and send to Creslo Laboratories, 6, Bouverie Street (Dept. 166), London, E.C., for free information regarding Crystolis, the new discovery for growing hair. Good for 7 days to all "JOHN BULL" readers.

Toilet Coupon No. 166.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear Signature.

Brent Good

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER ?

SEE PAGE III. OF COVER.

HOW THE LUNGS BECOME DISEASED

It is the Hawking and Coughing that destroy the tissues of the Lungs and make them weak and sore.

What you want is something to stop the cough and soothe the throat and breathing passages. Nothing compares with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, relief comes instantly and a cure follows. All over the civilized world Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has been adopted on account of its perfect safety and unfailing efficacy as a standard remedy for coughs, colds, bronchial asthma, whooping cough, influenza and chronic chest and lung troubles. Doctors prescribe it, children take it, all chemists sell it. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure was awarded the Grand Prix and Gold Medal for purity and efficacy at the recent Paris Health Exhibition.

Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix, Paris Health Exhibition, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, CHILDREN'S COUGHS, BLOOD SPITTING, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

9½d. A BOTTLE.

Large Sizes 1/1½ and 2/9, of all Chemists. A Special Offer for Ca.arrh Sufferers accompanies each bottle.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

Linenized Music Rolls.

Week's Trial FREE to any Reader who possesses a Player-Piano.

Our object in making this offer is to give every owner of a Player Piano an opportunity for comparing Linenized Music Rolls with other makes. We say ours are far superior to any other rolls made.

You can prove whether they are or not, at our expense. Linenized Music Rolls are perfect in notation, phrasing, expression, and tempo.

They are sold at from 9d. each.

Send at once, mentioning "John Bull," and giving name of your Player.

The Perforated Music Co., Ltd.,

94, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Factory and Head Office—197-199, City Road, E.C.

Scottish Branch—99, Prince's St., Edinburgh.

F. T. B. (S. Hackney) complains of W. Ashton & Co. (Commission Agents, 4 & 5, Warwick Court, Holborn).

E. H. (Bickley) sends an advertisement of a man who offers to sell himself for £500 and be "absolutely at disposal of owner." We are half inclined to buy him and take away his money.

F. W. H. (Dudley) hopes we will not mind his pointing out a few of our mistakes, which turn out to be a set of Spoonerisms devised for the benefit of Sir C. Scotter. Good gracious!

Mr. Reuben Mills writes that he paid his income-tax cheerfully by crossed cheque, and then received a fresh demand at a higher rate. So he is less cheerful now, and must eat a nut.

"Zamps" (Great Yarmouth) says J. K. King & Son (12, Albert Street, Manchester) also tried to rush him re books by instalments.

B. H. (Longsight) accuses us of "a grammatical misdemeanour" for saying that "the accent of the people has a historic significance." "Surely," he exclaims, "your old friend Lindley should have left a deeper impression upon an habitual fault-finder such as thou!' We don't know about our old friend Lindley, but our old friend Dr. Johnson gives "historick" as "pertaining to history," and we maintain that the accent of the people has a significance pertaining to history. Longsight, indeed!

H. G. (Agile Canavese, Italy) is upset about criticisms of thefts on Italian railways. He writes: "We in Italy are famous for small thefts and tiny larceny, in fact while the Italian robb the centesimi and the pennies, other people robb napoleons and pound sterlines. Very saldom you hear of a railway murder on the Italian railway. And now I conclude by saying that if the English tourists were a little more careful about their luggages and instead to carry to many jewells about them and a lot of money, they leave the jewells at home and carry a cheque-book," they will be all right. There is something in that, as the monkey said.

"A Son of Jacob" (Leeds).—Yes, sheep are included in the 10th Commandment, but not, like asses, specifically. So Jim was right for once.

"Fair Play" (Manchester) left his season ticket at home, and complains that the Cheshire Lines made him pay the ordinary fare. We suppose this is the letter of the law, but if he had made himself more of a nuisance, he might have got off.

G. H. R. (Ramsgate) says Chinese "pigs" are half-pig, half-dog, and feed on filth. We thought all pigs fed on filth.

V. W. (Birmingham) says that people who are too tired to applaud at theatres ought to be in bed. But we don't applaud our butcher when he gives us bad meat.

"A Father of Many" (Sunningdale) complains that "sixty per cent. of the landlords in London will not let a house to a man who has more than two children." Landlords have always been tyrants.

"Vortex" wishes we would "stop spelling inquiry with an e," and suggests our giving "information." Johnson gives: "To Enquire [Fr. enquirer]. This word, with all its dependants, is more usually written with in. But perhaps it ought to be written with en. See To Inquire." On following this advice, we found: "It is now more commonly written enquire." So now we hope everybody is satisfied.

S. A. L. (Balham Hill) should not be in a hurry to part with fees in advance to a "Municipal and Scholastic Agency."

A. T. B. (Putney) wants to stock our museums with cinematograph films of historic interest. Yes, but how long would they last? If they are to be put away in air-tight receptacles, they will not afford much entertainment to posterity.

E. C. C. (St. Albans).—We certainly don't defend drunkenness, least of all when it leads a man to heap foul insults on his mother. As you say, we like a sport, but the conduct you describe scarcely comes under the category of cricket.

W. T. R. (Treforest) wants to know what happens to the Barnardo Homes children when they reach the age of 16. Rather a large question!

James Crow, Jun. (Misera Cordi, Park Lane) writes on deep black-edged paper to announce the demise of his father. We were just about to telegraph our condolences and murmur R.I.P. when our eye lit upon a P.S.: "He has left his property to John Dewar and Sons." Remembering Jim's abhorrence of Usquebaugh, we hesitate to believe this statement. In fact, we should not be surprised to hear that the whole story was a hoax. Besides, the article on "Children, by Jim Crow," began with the sentence, "Thank Heavens, there are no children by Jim Crow." But perhaps the property was conveyed by instalments during life.

J. O. T. (Manor Park).—A Business Government would give full facilities for all necessary military training—so long as other countries kept up their armaments.

"Omicron" (Newlands) asks us how we would have spent the money which was employed to print the Bibles sent abroad. The answer is, by printing something more required at home.

H. W. B. (Birmingham).—We do not think there is any danger of the Customs' officers in the place you mention censoring John Bull. They might, however, delay it for a day, in order to read it!

J. H. P. (Finchley) sends us an advertisement for a woman "who really can cook food" in a cats' home. What an omen for Tariff "reform," the Free Traders will say.

F. H. S. (Cardiff) wants us to form a separate party in Parliament. But there are too many parties already.

W. C. (Petersfield) objects to the prosecution of newsboys for crying false news, and says many M.P.'s are worse offenders. But two blacks don't make a black-and-white.

H. A. T. (Lydd).—The Provincial Union Bank (Lansdowne Road, Croydon) is an alias of Kirkwood, the notorious usurer.

A. H. G. C. (Lewisham) reminds Mr. Lloyd George that there are large deposits of untaxed land in the interior of the carriages on the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway. But they are also undeveloped, unless the company grows mustard-and-cress.

"Pamos" (Twickenham) suggests that religious propagandists should employ us for the dissemination of religious truth. We are quite willing—for a consideration. But, as Pilate said, What is truth?

T. K. (Buluwayo) says it is "a disgrace to the British community to allow such a man" as Patten, the cotton-king, "to live." But how can the British community help it?

W. H. F. (London, E.C.) says he knows nothing of finance, but he wants us to tell him how to turn a non-existent business into a limited liability company. We will look up the new Act.

"Epitre" (Bow) notes with disgust that "B. S., Jun." (Forest Gate) has resumed his piffling communications.

"Miner" (Penrhiwceiber) says that, owing to the miners having to rip down stone in one of the local coal mines for 1s. a yard, a man, after paying his mate, sometimes has but 6d. or 1s. left for twelve days' work. He states that, standing near the county court offices on court day, one can see "a couple of thousand" poor people on their way to transact business of an unpleasant nature. In spite of this, the large mine-owners have given thousands of pounds to the Sanatorium for Consumptives, and he invites us to "come and see the officials going to the various places of worship on Sunday, with Bibles under their arms, like half-tons of coal."

G. G. (Holloway) sends us a recital of grievances against an engineer who has now left his job. Why not leave him alone?

T. G. R. (Plymouth) complains of the "red-caps," or military police. "A private who emerged from a public-house none the worse for drink was followed by three men he got on the tramcar when one of the police got on the same tram pulled him off hit him about something severly frog marched him dropped him down as if he was a beast, hit him about marched him off to barracks." We really can't breathe if we have no commas.

C. R. M. (W. Dulwich) wants us to confer a biscuit on a paper for something published "two or three years ago." We will have one made with mummy-wheat.

We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies, but we hope during the next few weeks to work off many arrears.

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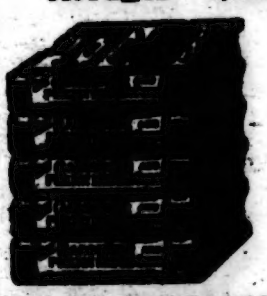

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. Z.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Maggie*" *of* The Globe.)

Medley.

Some horses show absolutely different form *each* week.

One half of the conversation upon a racecourse is in asking questions.

A very great deal of ownership in South Africa is conducted by Syndicates.

Horses which stop and go in turn are called "dodgers" by jockeys.

The biggest races don't always fall to the best sportsmen!

No one is luckier in buying his winners in cheaply than Duller.

The Silver Tank.

You cannot beat the 2s. 6d. ring for getting £20 or £30, or even a £100 "on" a horse if you know anything—some of the prices laid there would cause Tattersall's men to literally faint!

A Deserving Trainer.

McKie, the trainer, has just settled down at Shrewton, Wilts, taking a little team of flat racers and 'chasers; but he is anxious to add to their number. Particularly having a good schooling ground, it should not be long before the popular "Gyp" has his boxes full of horses with which he can repeat his successes for former patrons.

Onward Compton.

Sandown are so alive to their interests as to adopt every reasonable suggestion for the benefit of their patrons, that I name another small improvement which will possibly be recognised as feasible. It is that more up-to-date methods, particularly electricity, should be adopted in regard to the hoisting of the numbers. The present method of hand manipulation, especially where it is apt to be slow and fumbled over, or probably even erroneous at times, is quite out of date, as is the handkerchief-waving from the judge's box on the far course to the operating man on the near track.

Moreover, the winning numbers should not be put up piecemeal by any man, who has first to find the right number and then hoist it, followed at the same unnecessary intervals by the numbers of the second and third. The paddock board is even very much worse, for some minutes elapse before the result is posted there. This should certainly not be, for all that should be necessary is for the judge to be able to put his finger on the numerals in his box immediately the horses pass the post, thereby making the numbers appear *simultaneously* on the whole of the boards. What France can adopt *should* be possible in England if we can only get out of our own dilatory methods and lethargy and take an example. When so many thousands of pounds are concerned and so much depends upon the matter of promptitude or the matter of a few seconds, these old-world methods should be discarded.

Prophetic.

With the Cambridgeshire over, there will not be very much interest in the rest of the sport of this week. At Newmarket the Richmond Nursery to-day (Thursday) may go to Garravеen, who has only to get off with his field to be sure of a similar race, whilst if Phryxus accepts for the Free Handicap, he is certainly weighted to win it; and another not out of the race, if a boy can extend him, is Langton, who stays well. At Folkestone, on Saturday, Les Ormes must run well for the Handicap.

Sooner or later you will realise the fact that Security ought to be your first consideration.

From TRUTH, 27th April, 1910:
"... I have never had any reason to doubt his readiness and ability to meet his engagements."

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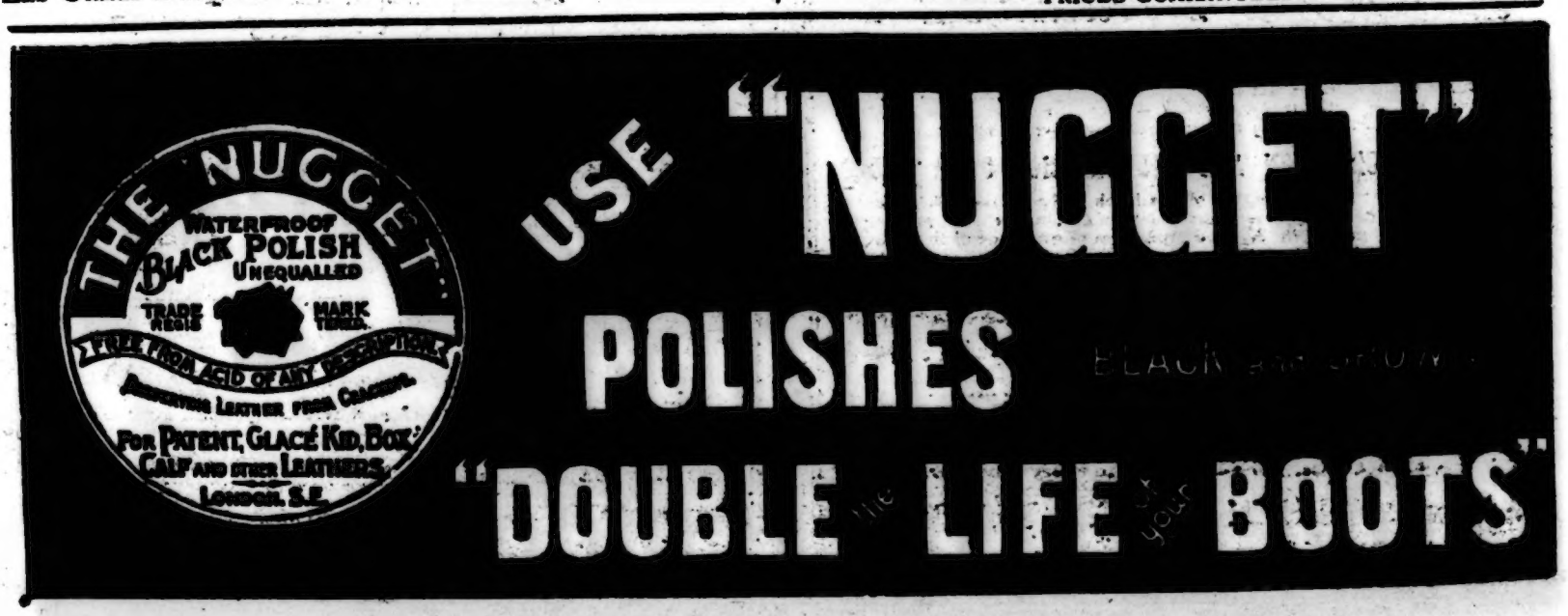

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The following claims have been received for the issues of May 28th, July 30th, September 3rd and 17th:—

J. G. WINTER, c.o. Post Office, Keppel, Sask, Canada.—No. 25,869. May 28th.

J. W. LEFTWICK, Railway Hotel, Twickenham.—No. 3,645. July 30th.

Mrs. C. L. BISSON, Gazelle House, New St. James' Place, Jersey.—No. 504,507. September 3rd.

J. PETRIE, 140, Byres Road, Glasgow.—No. 429. September 3rd.

J. M. BRODIE, 12½, Kidd Street, Aberdeen.—No. 184,494. September 17th.

JOHN BROWN, 20, James Place, Leith.—No. 19,220. September 17th.

JAMES MOIR, 33 and 34, High Street, Kirriemuir.—No. 250,944. September 17th.

A. B. JONES, 29, N. Juniper Street, Shadwell, E.—No. 515,879. September 17th.

GUNNER C. JAHME, 150th Battery R.F.A., Topsham Barracks, Exeter.—No. 95,703. September 17th.

GEORGE C. WILSON, 27, Overdale Avenue, Langside, Glasgow.—No. 3,118. September 17th.

B. GRIMBLE, 21, Northcote Road, Norwich.—No. 4,871. September 17th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 1st:—

2649	49693	115618	261553	428646
3311	55485	124311	271009	436688
4815	57715	134539	285250	473950
4827	64678	135597	297354	485590
5421	65133	137184	303588	508577
7276	67660	145001	316150	522537
12228	95867	208226	335099	531311
15670	96008	214562	337332	541911
22528	97502	229319	365913	586974
25311	104890	238521	414345	599604

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 29TH (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 24TH).

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